DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 062 081 24 RC 006 115

AUTHOR Webster, Loraine; Schleif, Mabel
TITLE [Read Aloud Stories Series: A Product of a Project to Create Stories and Beginning Reading Materials for Pre-School Indian Children in South Dakota.]
INSTITUTION South Dakota Univ., Vermillion.
SPONS AGENCY National Center for Educational Research and Development (DHEW/OE), Washington, D.C.
REPORT NO P-1-H-031
PUB DATE 31 Mar 72
GRANT OEG-8-71-0024(509)
NOTE 178p.

EDRS PRICE MF-$0.65 HC-$6.58
DESCRIPTORS *American Indians; *Childrens Books; *Cultural Awareness; *Elementary Grades; History; Language Arts; Legends; Reading Level; *Reading Materials; Story Reading; Vocabulary Development
IDENTIFIERS Sioux

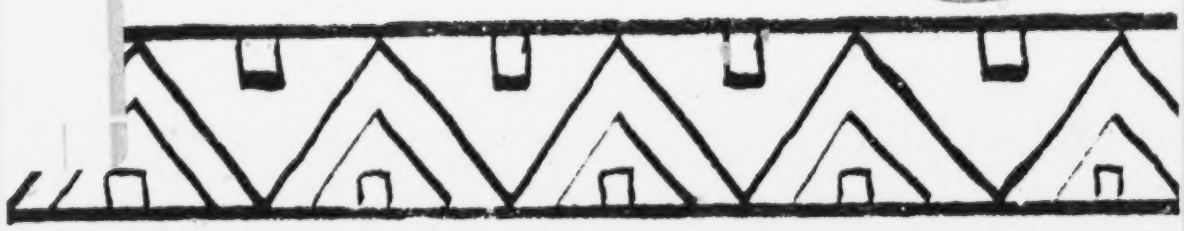
ABSTRACT

The "Read Aloud Stories" series in this document consists of 10 booklets, each containing an illustrated story of Sioux origin which is intended to be read to preschool and early elementary non-proficient readers (grades 1.9 to 3.4). Each story is designed to convey a simple concept concerning the child's Indian heritage as well as to improve use of English by building larger speaking and reading vocabularies. A description of each story follows: "Little Kitten Earns a Name" illustrates early Sioux naming practices; "A Different Kind of Calendar" depicts the Sioux lunar calendar; "The Story of the Peace Pipe" presents a traditional Indian legend; "Tommy's Vision" shows the importance of spirits and the vision guest among the Sioux; "A Visit to the Zoo" shows the importance of the buffalo to the early culture of the Plains Indians; "An Old Indian Game" depicts a common game of the Sioux and shows the importance of the horse to the Plains Indians; "An Indian Artist" portrays the role of men and women in the important Indian arts and crafts; "The Wacipi" shows the importance of traditional Indian dances and how the pow-wow of today provides continuity for the Wacipi; and "Winning the Eagle Feather: portrays the importance of the eagle and the honor conferred upon the individual who earned the right to wear an eagle feather. (MJB)

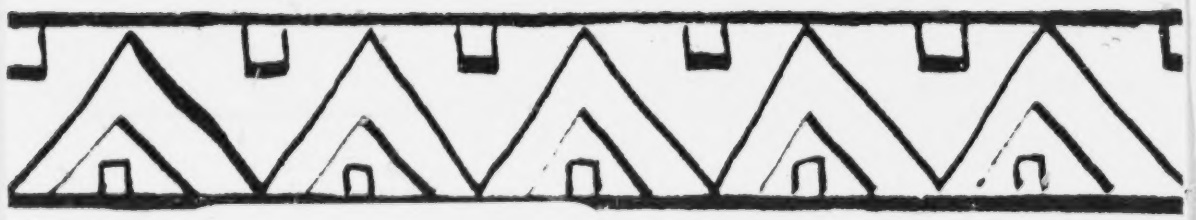
ED 062081

Read Aloud Stories

RECEIVED
MAY 24 19[illegible]
NMSU
E.R.I.C.



A Different Kind of Calendar



RC 006 115

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH,
EDUCATION & WELFARE
OFFICE OF EDUCATION
THIS DOCUMENT HAS BEEN REPRODUCED EXACTLY AS RECEIVED FROM THE PERSON OR ORGANIZATION ORIGINATING IT. POINTS OF VIEW OR OPINIONS STATED DO NOT NECESSARILY REPRESENT OFFICIAL OFFICE OF EDUCATION POSITION OR POLICY

RECEIVED
MAY 24 1972
NMSU
E.R.I.C.

READ ALOUD STORIES

A Different Kind Of Calendar

by

Dr. Loraine Webster
University of South Dakota

Illustrated by

Mrs. Muriel Bierle
Mission, South Dakota

1972

This series of stories has been printed at the University of South Dakota, Vermillion, South Dakota. This project has been supported by a research grant from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Region VIII, in Denver, Colorado.
(Project Number 1-H-031)

To The Teacher:

Each one of the Read Aloud Stories is designed to convey a simple concept to the young child concerning his Indian heritage.

A Different Kind Of Calendar depicts the lunar calendar developed by the Sioux. It also shows the beautiful descriptive language employed by the Indian people.

Sally Little Wind was on her way to school. She loved school. There were always other children to play with and there were many toys and books there too. Next year she would go to a bigger school where her older brothers and sisters went, but this year she still went to the school for little children.

Every day something new happened at school that was fun. Yesterday a boy brought his puppy for the other children to see. Some days there was a new toy or a new story book for the teacher to read to the children.

5

Today when Sally got to school she looked around and saw something new up on one wall. It was brightly colored in blue, yellow, red and white. There were words written on it which Sally couldn't read. Sally wondered what it meant but then began to play with two of her friends and forgot about the pretty new picture upon the wall.

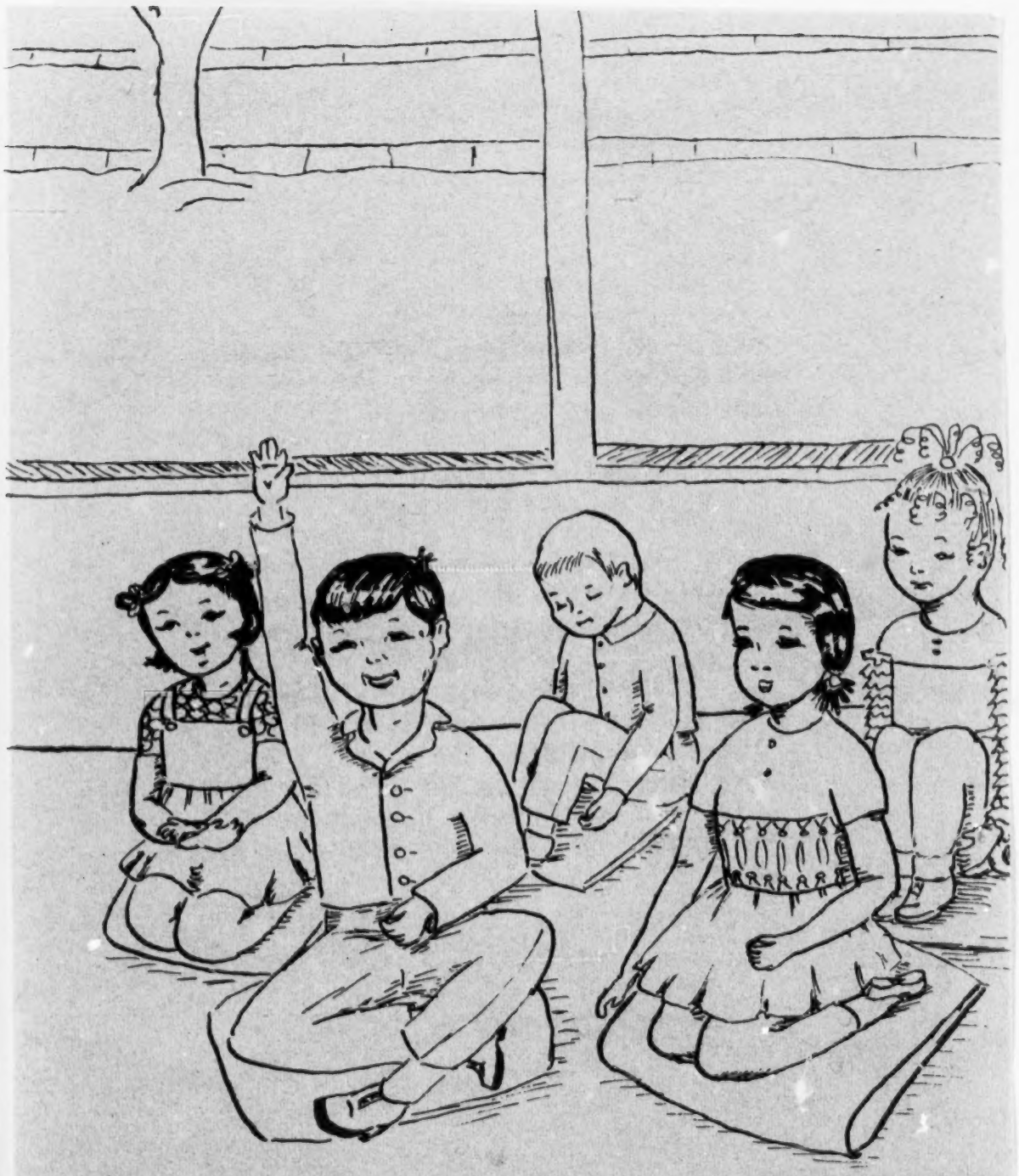
After while the teacher had all the children sit on the floor where they could see the picture.

The teacher said, "Does anyone know what month this is?"

A little boy knew and he answered the teacher. "It is November."

"That's right," said the teacher. "It is November. You know we look at the calendar every day and we talk about what day and what month it is."

The teacher moved toward the large, pretty picture on the wall and said, "This is a very special kind of calendar that I want you to see. This is a Sioux Calendar. In the old days the Indians called months moons."

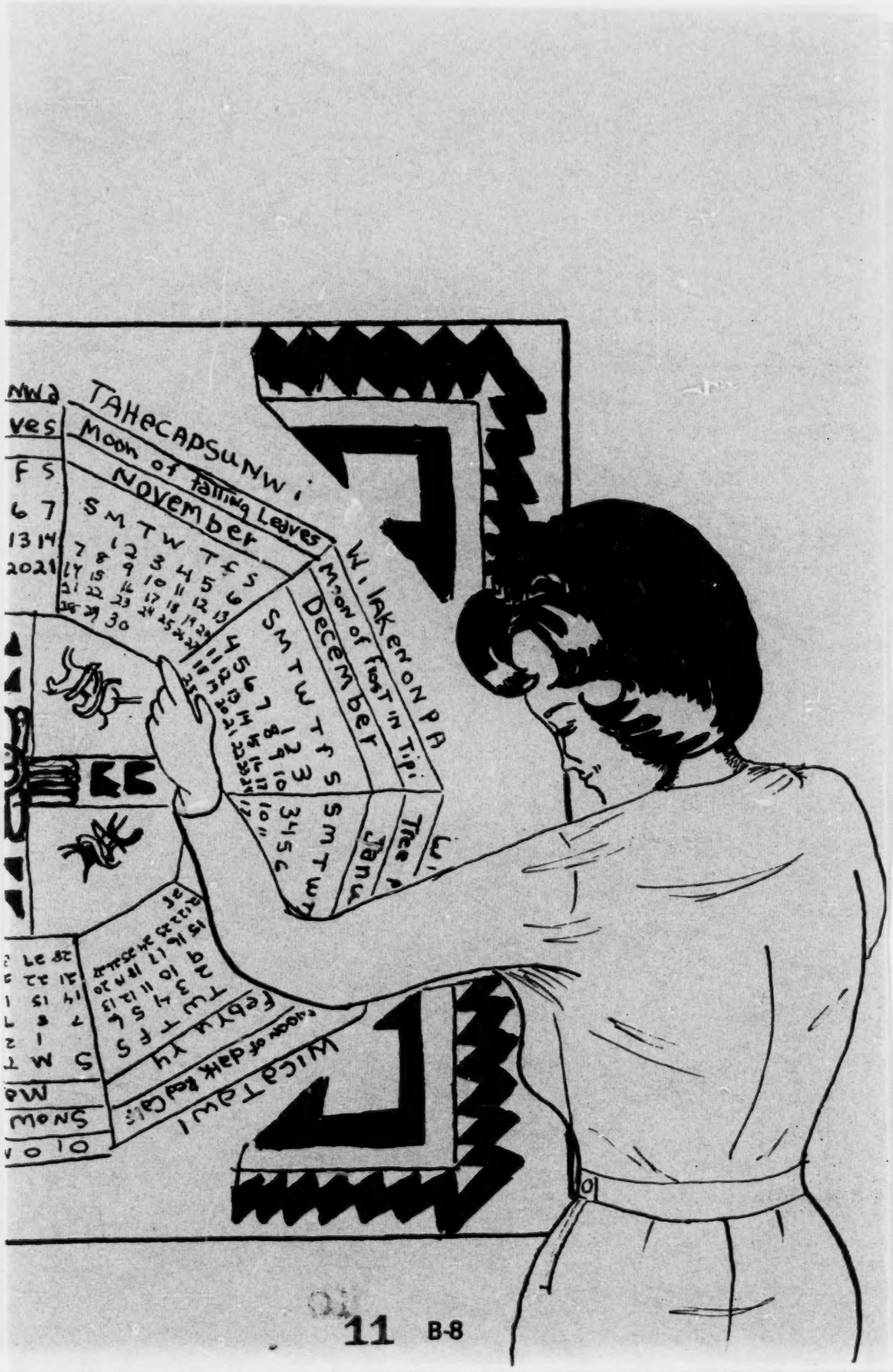


She pointed to one part of the calendar and said, "This is what people call November, but the Indians had a much prettier name for November. Could you guess what it is?"

The children tried to think what the name for November might be.

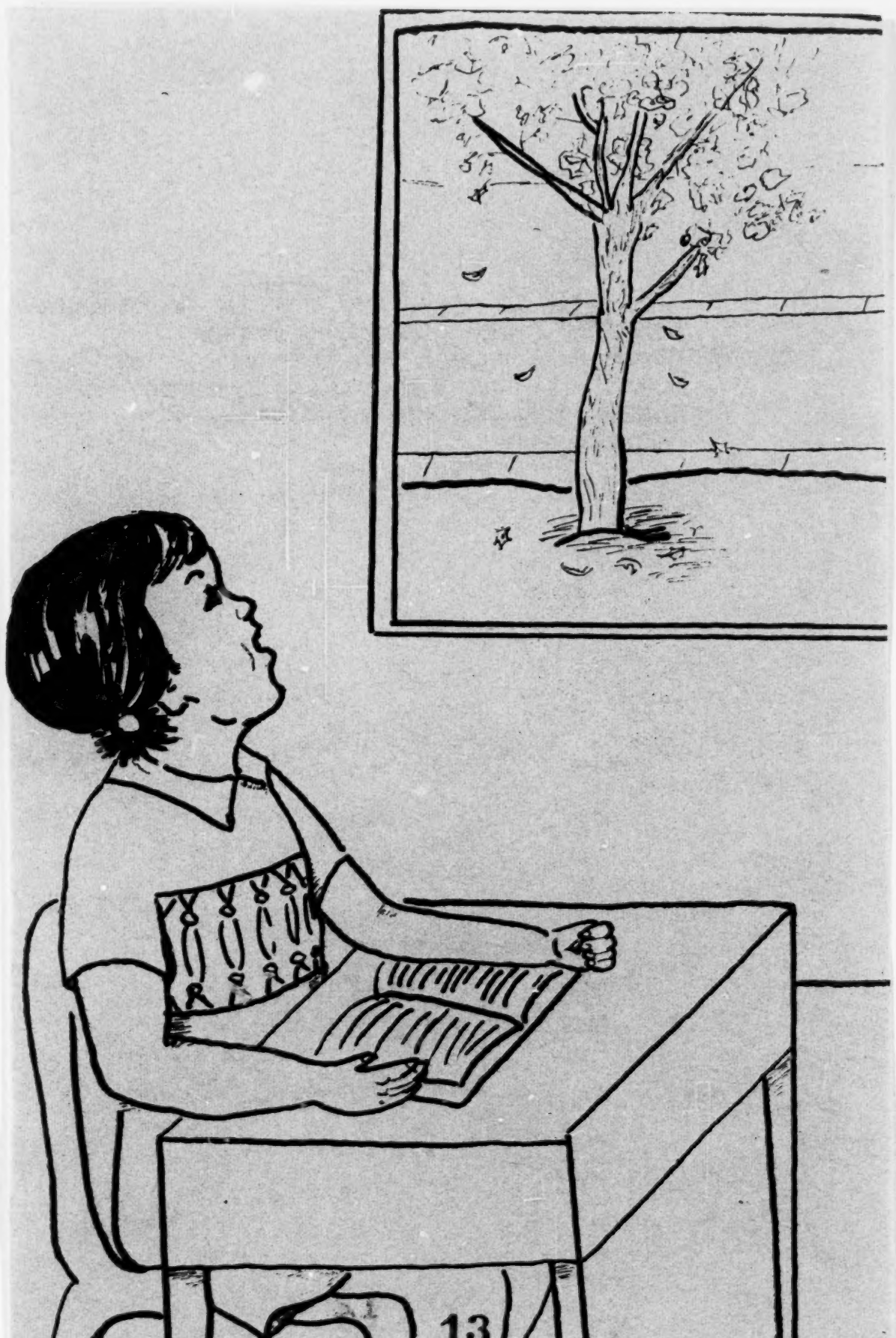
Then the teacher said, "It is called The Moon of Falling Leaves. Do you know why they used that name?"

Sally looked out the window just then and saw leaves falling off the tree right outside the window. There were many leaves on the ground now. Sally and her friends had played in the leaves outside yesterday at playtime.


TAHECAPSuNWi
Moon of falling Leaves
NOVEMber
W. IAKENONPA
Moon of frost in Tipi
December
Wicatawi
Moon of dark fog
Tree
Janu

Sally raised her hand to tell the teacher she knew the answer. She could hardly wait to show the teacher she knew the answer. "Look," she pointed to the window and the big tree outside. "The leaves are all falling off the trees so that is why this month was called The Moon of Falling Leaves."

"Very good, Sally," said the teacher. "That is exactly right and you have shown us that you are really thinking."



Sally was very happy that she had known the right answer. She could hardly wait until it was time to go home to tell her mother about The Moon of Falling Leaves and the Sioux Calendar.

Sahecapsunwi

ED 062081

Read Aloud Stories

RECEIVED
MAY 24 1972
NMSU
E.R.I.C.

I Wish I had a Horse

READ ALOUD STORIES

RECEIVED
MAY 24 1972
NMSU
E.R.I.C.

I Wish I Had A Horse

by

Dr. Loraine Webster
University of South Dakota

Illustrated by

Mrs. Muriel Bierle
Mission, South Dakota

1972

This series of stories has been printed at the University of South Dakota, Vermillion, South Dakota. This project has been supported by a research grant from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Region VIII, in Denver, Colorado.
(Project Number 1-H-031)

To The Teacher:

Each one of the Read Aloud Stories is designed to convey a simple concept to the young child concerning his Indian heritage.

I Wish I Had A Horse is intended to show how important the acquisition of the horse was to Indians of the Plains. It made them much more mobile and improved buffalo hunting immeasurably.

"I wish I had a horse, I wish I had a horse," Joey sang to himself as he walked along.

Joey had just gone to a movie with his big sister. It was an exciting movie with Indians riding horses. The horses galloped so fast and Joey thought they were just beautiful. There was one that was all black that he especially liked.

Joey could just picture himself riding a fast black horse like the one in the movie. How wonderful that would be.

"I wish I had a horse, I wish I had a horse, a big black horse." Joey kept on singing his little song.

When he got home he told his mother about the wonderful black horse. His mother listened and smiled. She said, "You really do love horses, don't you, Joey?"

Mother got a book down from the shelf and opened it to a page with pictures on it. The pictures were Indians on horseback.

Joey said, "That's like the movie and there's a horse that looks like my special horse." Joey looked at the pictures but he kept coming back to the one with the black horse. There was a fierce looking warrior on the horse.

"I thought you would like those pictures," said Mother. "Do you know how important horses were to the Indian people?"

"No," said Joey. "I just wish I had one. I'd be just like that Indian on my horse."

"Well, maybe not quite like that warrior in the picture," said Mother. "You are still a very little boy."

"I bet Indians had lots of fun riding their horses. I know I would have fun if I had one to ride," said Joey.

"Joey," his mother said. "Horses meant much more than just fun. Before the Indian people had horses it was very hard to hunt buffalo and Indians had to hunt buffalo and other animals to live. After they had fast horses to ride it was much easier to chase and hunt buffalo. Indian people were able to live much better with horses to help them. Horses pulled heavy loads when the people moved, horses helped them be better hunters and they carried warriors into battle."

"I still bet they had fun," said Joey. "I would have ridden my horse so fast you couldn't even see me. Wow, just like the wind."

And Joey ran outside to pretend he was riding his horse like the wind. The horse was just a stick but to Joey it was that big black horse and he was the brave warrior.

Lots of little boys and girls like horses and pretend to ride them but perhaps Joey had a better reason than most children to love horses. Horses had been so important to the Sioux tribes and Joey is a little Sioux Indian boy. Do you think he has a special reason to like horses?

Read Aloud Stories

RECEIVED
MAY 24 1972
NMSU
E.R.I.C.

An Old Indian Game

READ ALOUD STORIES

An Indian Game

RECEIVED
MAY 24 1972
NMSU
E.R.I.C.

by

Dr. Loraine Webster
University of South Dakota

Illustrated by

Mrs. Muriel Bierle
Mission, South Dakota

1972

This series of stories has been printed at the University of South Dakota, Vermillion, South Dakota. This project has been supported by a research grant from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Region VIII, in Denver, Colorado.
(Project Number 1-H-031)

To The Teacher:

Each one of the Read Aloud Stories is designed to convey a simple concept to the young child concerning his Indian heritage.

An Indian Game tells about a common game engaged in by the Sioux. It shows that games were important to the Sioux.

Eddie Red Lightning was sitting on the grass. He was watching six big boys playing a game. He didn't know what the game was but it looked like so much fun. The big boys had some long sticks and they were hitting a ball on the ground. First they would hit it; then they all ran to the ball and someone would knock it back the other way with his stick. They kept hitting it back and forth.

Eddie wanted to play too, but when he asked the big boys said, "No, you are too little. You would get hurt. This isn't a game for little kids."

Eddie was only five so he didn't argue, he just sat and watched. It was exciting. First three boys would get the ball up to their end of the field but just as they almost had it all the way, the other three boys would come racing up and hit it down to their end.

Eddie's head turned back and forth watching them play.

Just then someone sat down beside Eddie. It was his mother. She said, "Hi, Eddie, I've been looking for you."

"I've been here watching the boys play," said Eddie. "They won't let me play, they say I'm too little."

"That's too bad, Eddie," said his mother, "but it does look like a rough game. Maybe you are too little."

Mother watched with Eddie for a few minutes. "Do you know something, Eddie?"

"What?" asked Eddie.

"Those boys are playing an old Indian game and I bet they don't even know it," answered Mother.

"Aw," said Eddie, "what Indian game? They are just hitting a ball with sticks."

Mother said, "My father used to tell me about an Indian game they called Shinny. People played it a long time ago. They would get willow sticks, green willow sticks that would bend easily, then they would bend the end into a curve. They would heat the sticks over a hot fire and even scorch them. That made the sticks hold the shape into which they were bent."

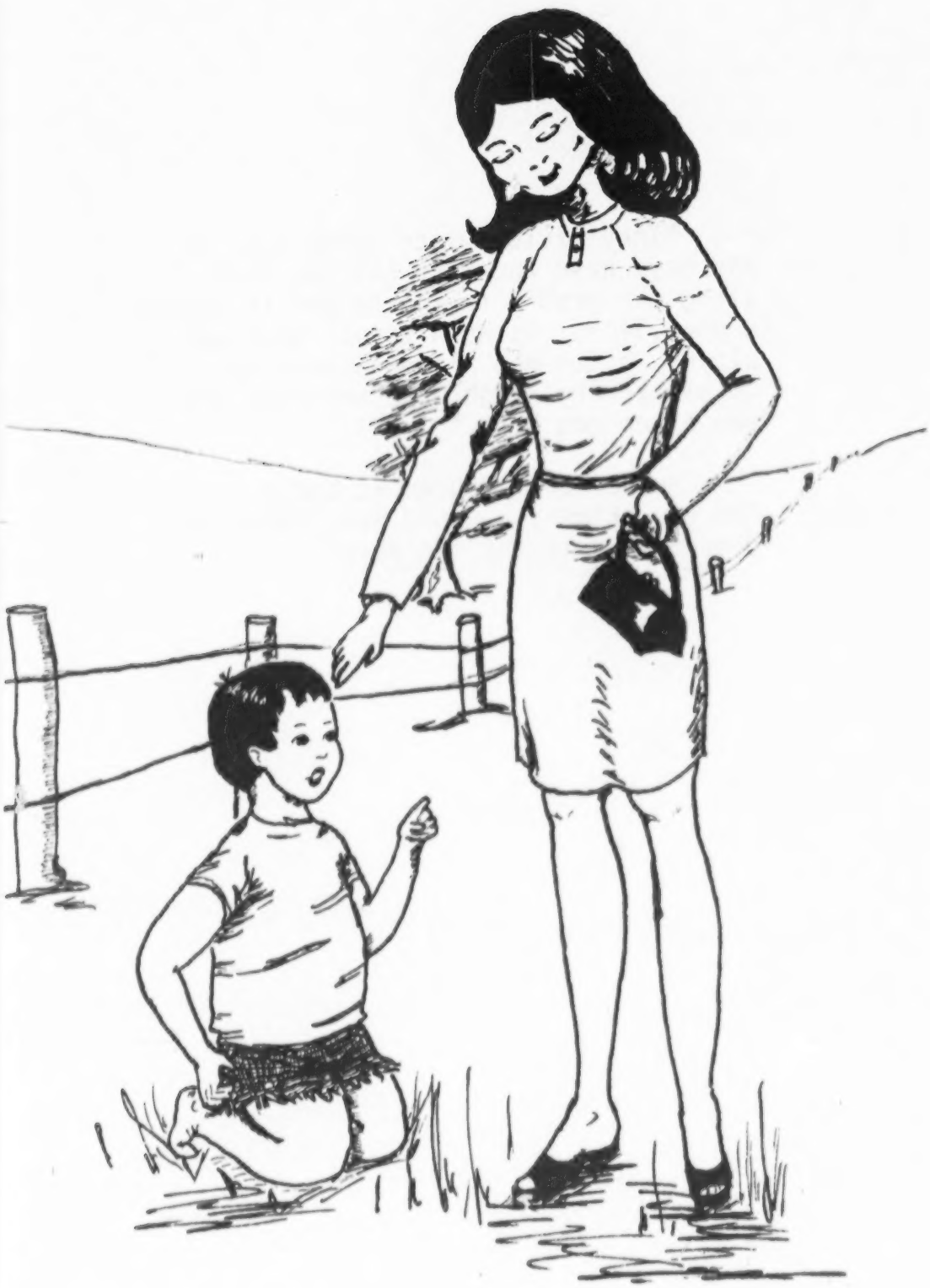
"Then did they use the sticks to hit a ball?" asked Eddie.

"Yes," said Mother, "but the ball wasn't like the one those boys are using. They had to make their own out of leather any way they could."

"Couldn't they buy a ball at the store?" asked Eddie.

"Not in the long ago time we are talking about," answered Mother. "Our people lived out here by themselves then. There weren't any towns and stores as there are now."

"How did they play with such a funny kind of a ball?" Eddie wanted to know.



"They divided into teams just as the boys have and they hit the ball along the ground trying to get it across a goal line. It wasn't just boys who played, often men played Shinny too. It was a very rough game and even the men often got hurt."

Mother smiled down at Eddie. "Do you think you would have liked to play Shinny in the old days?"

Eddie shook his head. "No, it sounds scarey. I think I'll wait until I'm seven or eight to play games like Shinny," said Eddie.

Then Mother stood up to go and Eddie took one last look at the running, yelling boys and he walked off towards home with his mother.

ED 062081

Read Aloud Stories

RECEIVED
MAY 24 1972
NMSU
E.R.I.C.

The Wacipi

READ ALOUD STORIES

The Wacipi

by

Dr. Loraine Webster
University of South Dakota

Illustrated by

Mrs. Muriel Bierle
Mission, South Dakota

1972

This series of stories has been printed at the University of South Dakota, Vermillion, South Dakota. This project has been supported by a research grant from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Region VIII, in Denver, Colorado.
(Project Number 1-H-031)

To The Teacher:

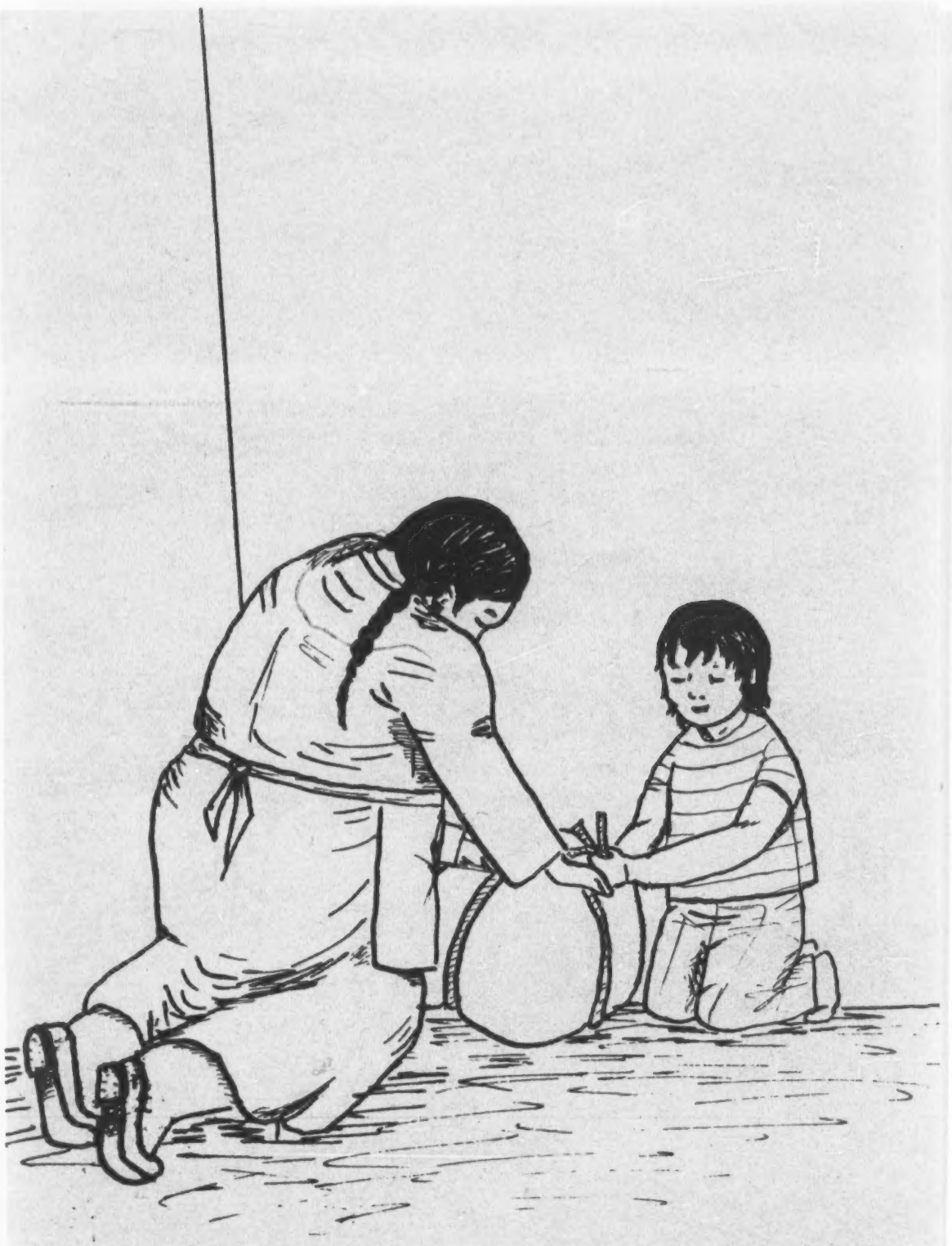
Each one of the Read Aloud Stories is designed to convey a simple concept to the young child concerning his Indian heritage.

The Wacipi is intended to show the importance of the traditional Indian dances and how the Pow Wow of today provides continuity for the Wacipi.

Mary Tall Horse was going to a Pow Wow today. She was going with her mother and father and her older brother Billy.

It was very exciting because Mother and Father were packing things to stay for four whole days. A big green tent was carefully folded to take up as little space as possible in the car.

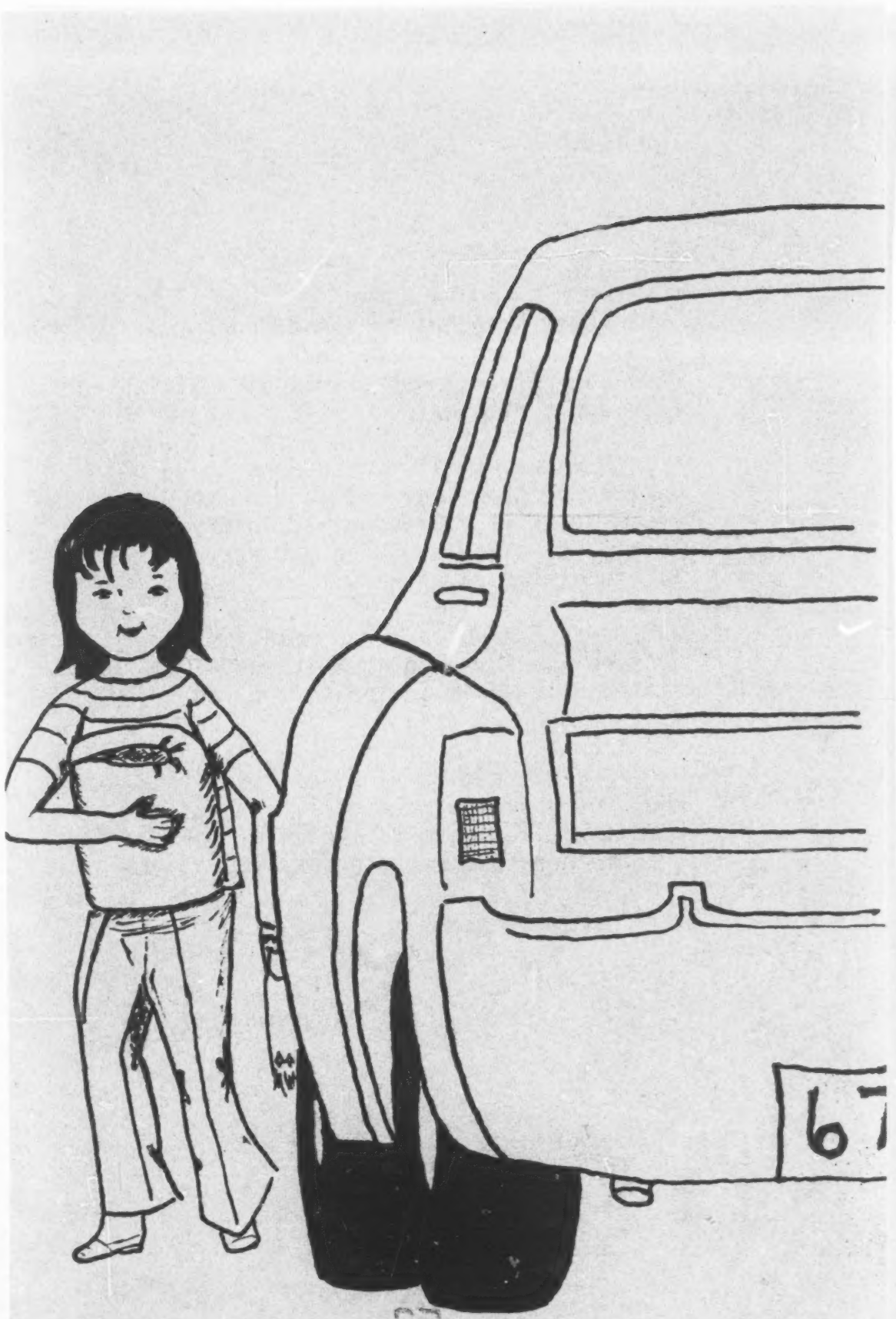
After the tent was packed, Mother put in bedding to sleep on the ground in the tent. Then they put in boxes of food and things to cook in.



Going to a Pow Wow is like going on a special kind of camping trip. Mary was too little to remember much about other summers when they had gone to Pow Wows. She knew the trip was going to be fun.

Sometimes she carried things out to the car but mostly she just hopped around with excitement.

Finally everything was ready to go and everyone got into the car. They drove down the road several miles to Grandmother's house. There they stopped because Grandmother was also going to the Pow Wow.



After Grandmother had added her things to those already packed in the car, she got in the backseat with Mary. They drove off again.

Mary was still excited and she wanted the time they had to ride to go by quickly. "Grandmother, did you ever go to a Pow Wow when you were a little girl?" asked Mary.

"Yes," answered Grandmother, "we went to Pow Wows too, but it was different than it is today. Do you want to hear about it?"

"Yes," said Mary. "Tell me about when you were a little girl." Mary knew the time would go faster if her grandmother told her stories.

Grandmother thought for a moment and then began. "First the Indian name for a dance or Pow Wow is Wacipi and when we went to a Wacipi we didn't have a car to ride in or a tent to sleep in. We traveled in wagons pulled by horses. Our bedding was packed in the wagon and so was our food. We all camped outside. My mother was very good at doing the old dances so she always danced at the Wacipi. In those days everyone wore real buckskin clothes to dance in. Everyone made their own. They were beautiful with many beaded decorations. My mother had a necklace made of elk teeth which she always wore on these special occasions.

Many men were singers in those days and you know you must have good singers to dance. They made the music for the dancers in those days just as they do now. They sang about many special things and there were different songs for different kinds of things. Some were happy, some were sad."

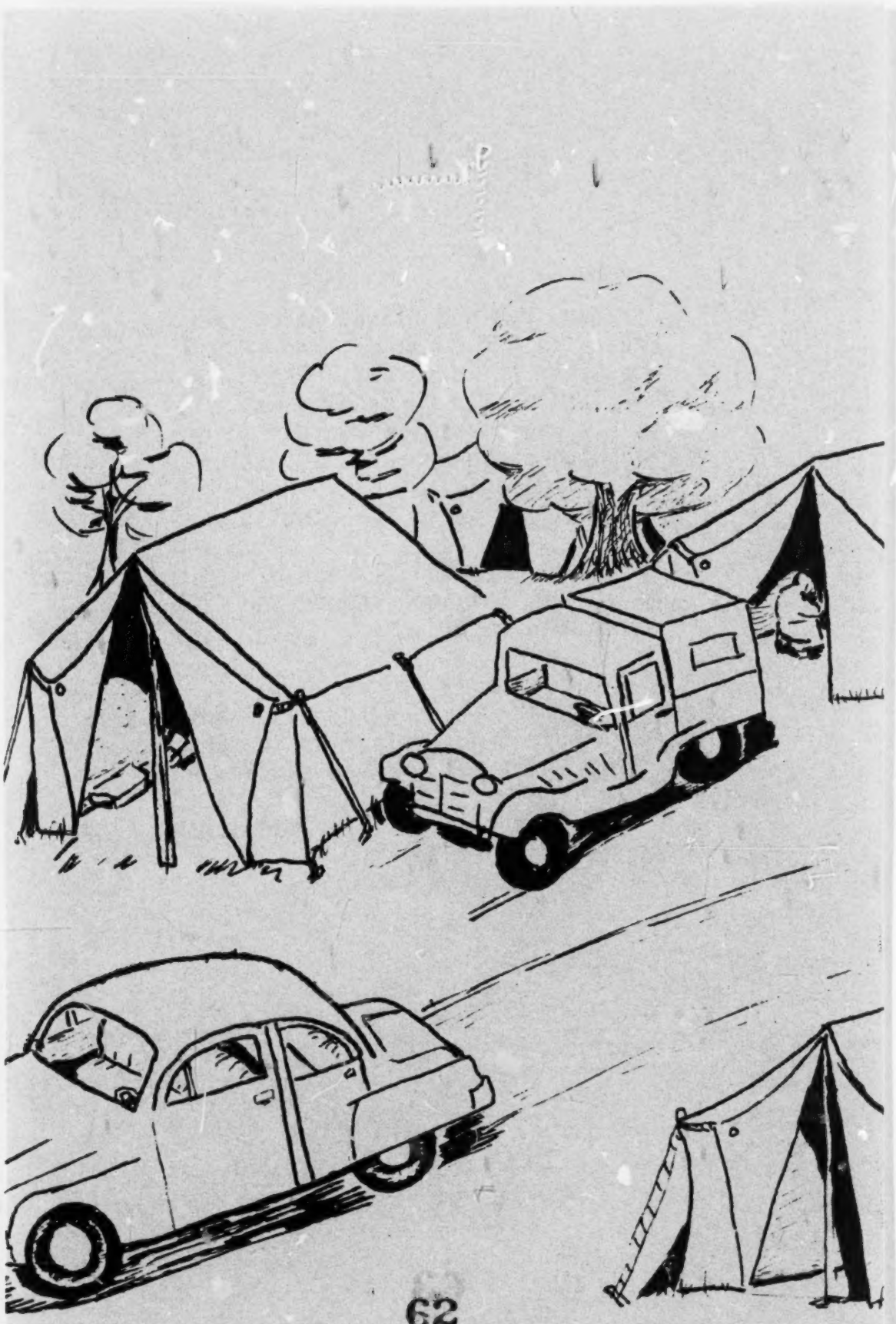
Grandmother looked down at Mary and saw Mary was nearly asleep, so she stopped talking and Mary did go off to sleep and dreamed of going to a Wacipi in a big wagon dressed in a beautiful buckskin dress.

60

Mary slept through the long drive to the Wacipi and when she woke up they were there. She couldn't believe her eyes. There were tents and campers and pick-up trucks everywhere. Many people already had their camp set up. Mary didn't think there could be so many tents and people in one place. Children ran about everywhere playing.

Mary saw her two little cousins and she couldn't wait to go and play with them.

Mary's family began to set up their camp and soon their big green tent was up among the hundreds of other tents.

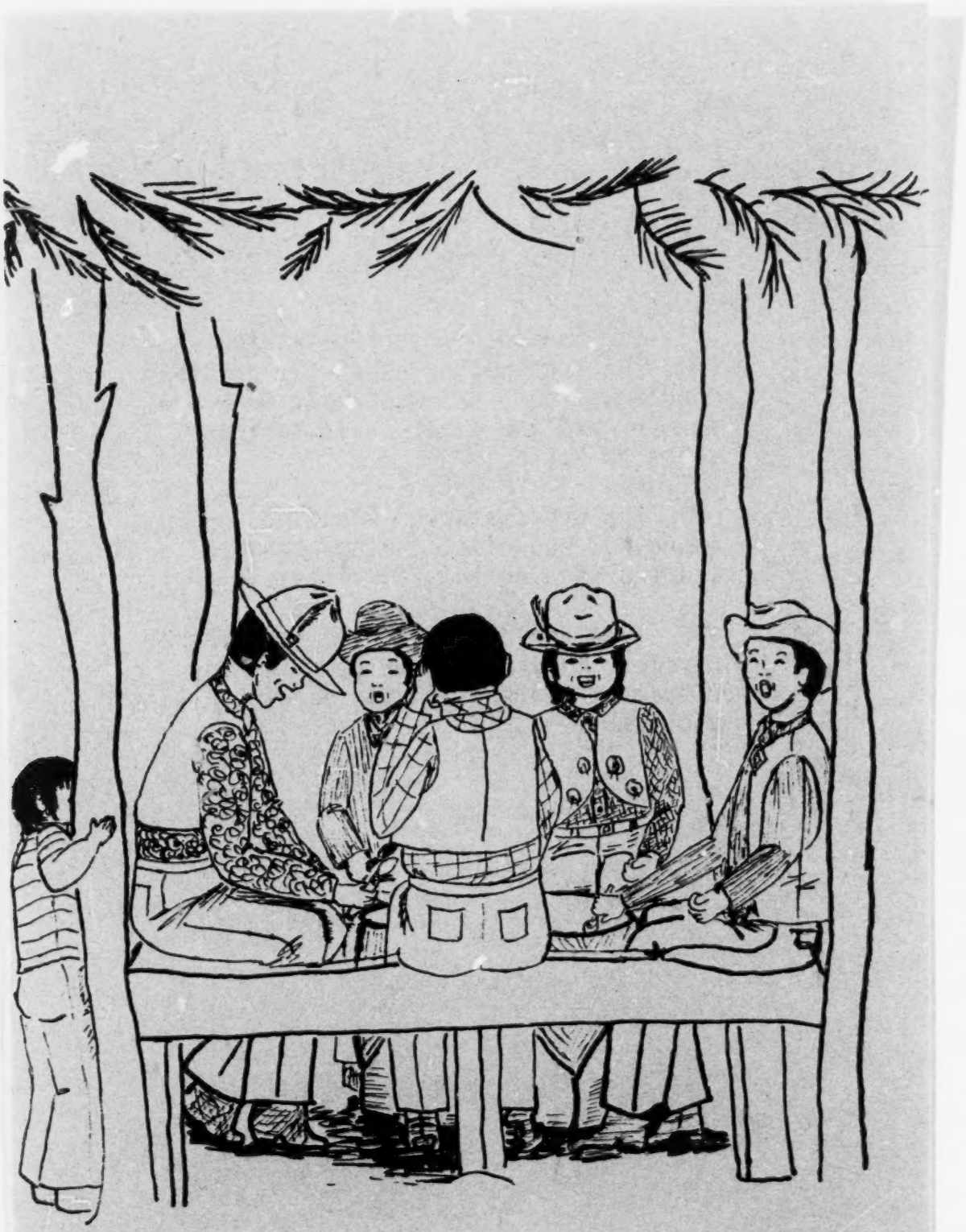


Mary ran and played under the trees with her cousins. They met some other ch'ldren too. They saw the place where the dancing would be. It was sort of a big circle or ring with seats around the outer part of the circle. Many people could sit and watch the dancing.

After the children had played and played, they ate supper and played some more.

After awhile people began moving toward the dancing place and more people began to arrive in cars just to watch the evening dancing.

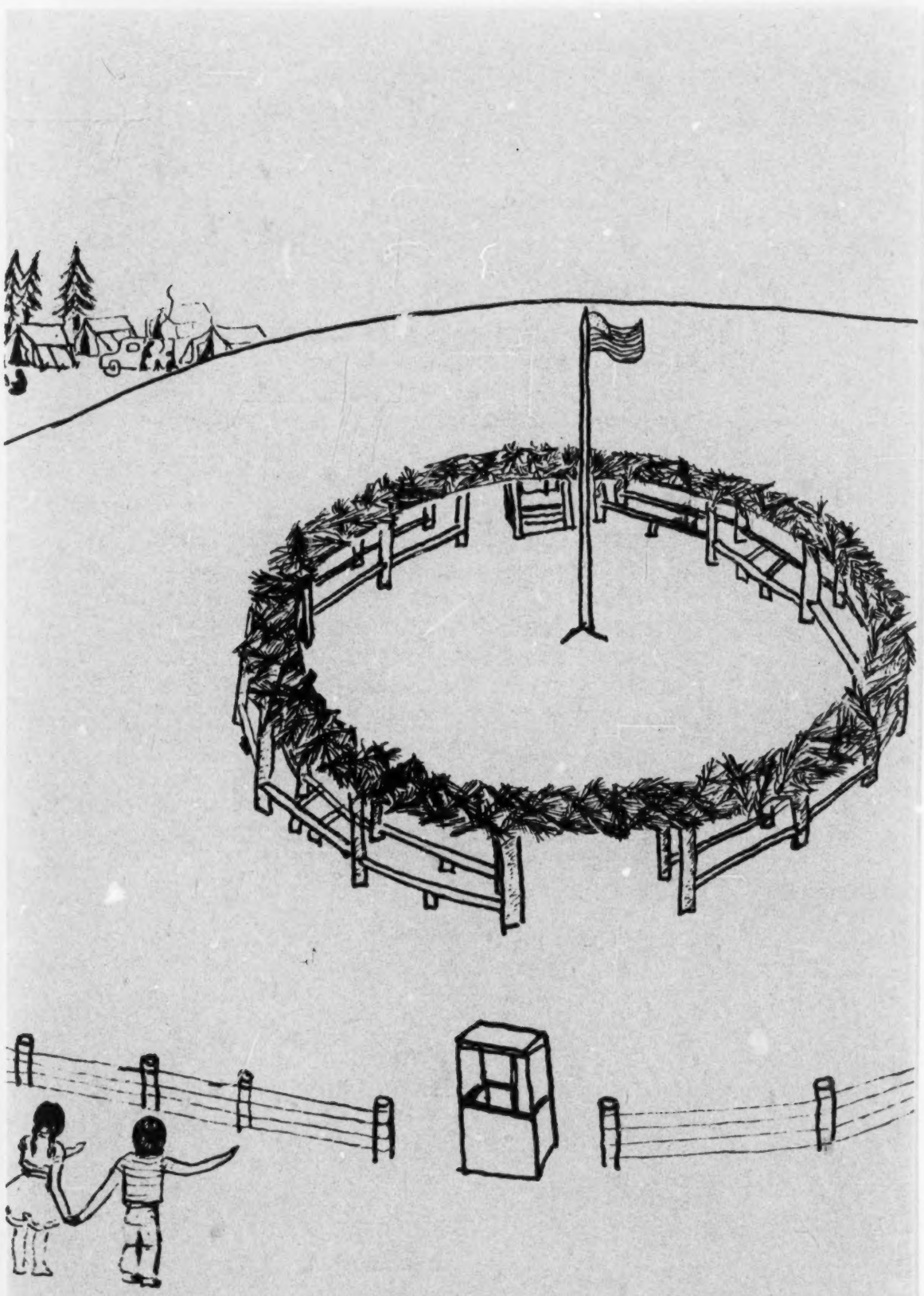
Now Mary was sure she had never seen so many people.



The announcer started talking over the loudspeaker about the dances they would see. It was about to begin so Mary and the other children found seats to watch.

The drums started pounding, pounding, pounding, and the singers started singing in high voices.

Then the dancers moved into the circle. Mary had never seen so many different kinds of Indian dancing clothes.



Many bright colors could be seen and many beautiful feathers were part of the costumes. Then Mary saw a very old, tall man step into the ring and she remembered everything her grandmother had told her in the car. The man had on a beautiful buckskin shirt and trousers. It was fringed and there was beadwork all over it. He also had a headdress of eagle feathers that went all the way down his back to the ground. It looked just as Mary imagined from her grandmother's story.

Mary watched the dancers as they swayed and danced about the ring. She especially watched the tall, old man in the beautiful buckskins.

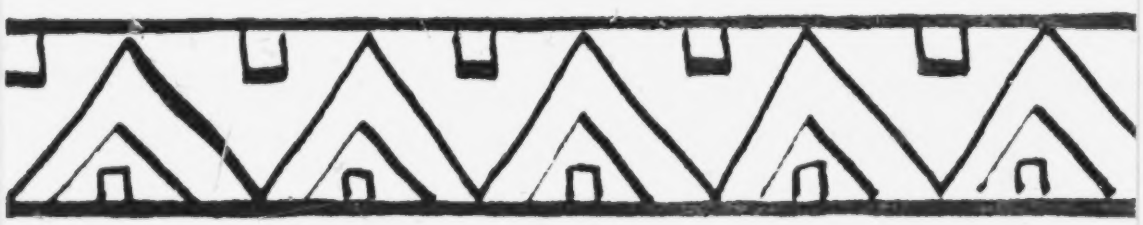
The chanting of the singers went on and on..... The pounding of the drums went on and on.....

Pow Wows were lots of fun but very tiring too. Mary fell asleep again.

Read Aloud Stories

RECEIVED
MAY 24 1972
NRSU
E.R.I.C.

Tommy's Vision



READ ALOUD STORIES

Tommy's Vision

by

Dr. Loraine Webster
University of South Dakota

Illustrated by

Mrs. Muriel Bierle
Mission, South Dakota

1972

This series of stories has been printed at the University of South Dakota, Vermillion, South Dakota. This project has been supported by a research grant from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Region VIII, in Denver, Colorado.
(Project Number 1-H-031)

72

To The Teacher:

Each one of the Read Aloud Stories is designed to convey a simple concept to the young child concerning his Indian heritage.

Tommy's Vision is meant to show the importance of spirits and the vision quest among the Sioux.

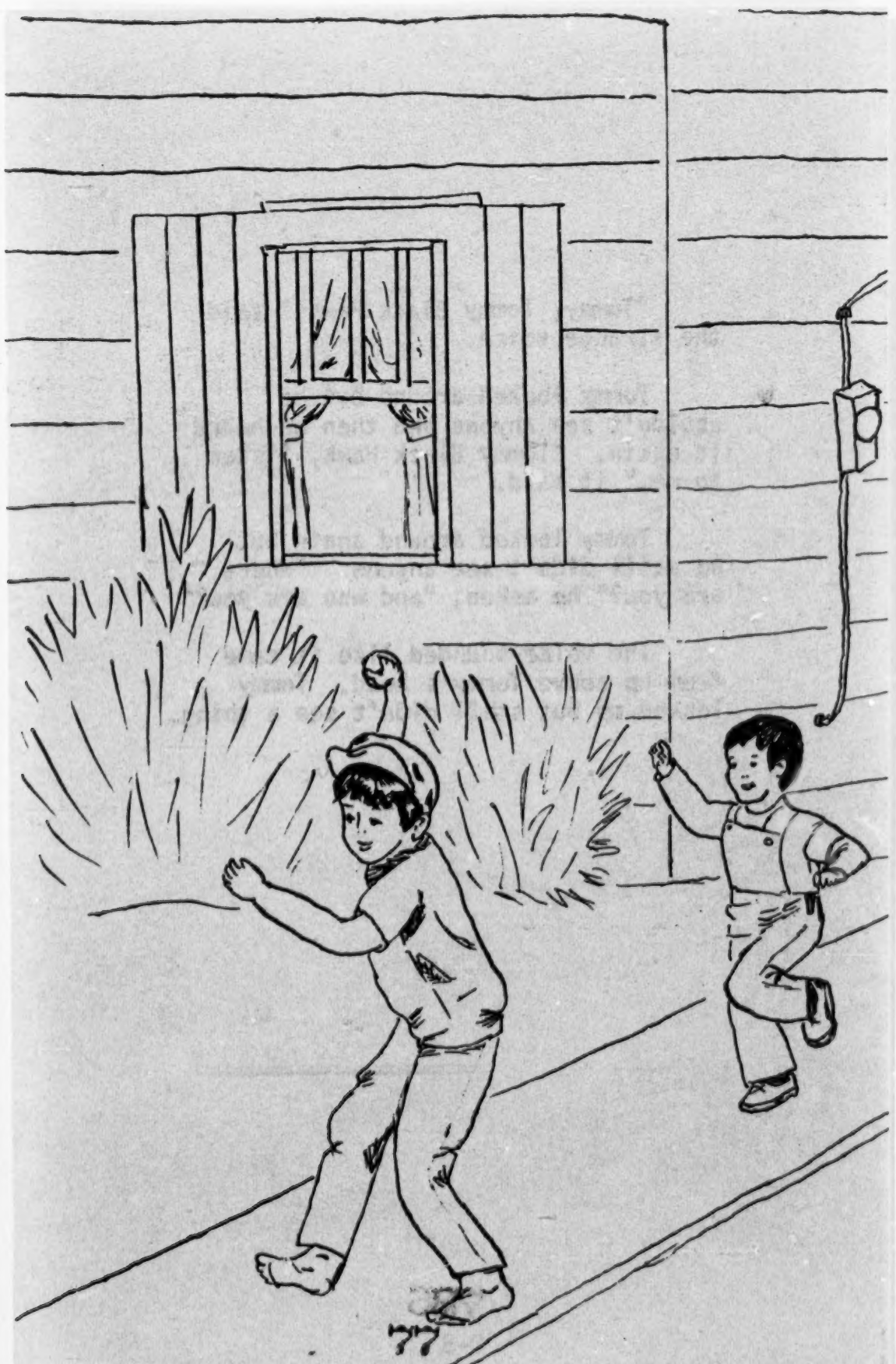
This story was developed from an idea suggested by Mrs. Elora Hein of Mission, South Dakota.

"Wow!" Tommy Black Hawk said to himself, "I'd like to have one of those visions that Indians used to have."

Tommy had just been listening to his grandfather and his grandfather's friend talk. He had just sat there very quietly listening while the two men talked. They had been talking about the very special dreams that Indians had had. They called them visions. They were exciting because very strange things often happened in those dreams. Animals talked and spirits appeared. The dreams sounded rather spooky and scarey to Tommy but he still thought he would like to have one.

Then Tommy forgot about visions and ran off to play in the warm sunshine. He and his little brother ran and ran. They played for a long time. Finally Tommy sat down to rest under a tree and his little brother went back into the house.

Tommy sat there for a little while and began thinking about those special dreams again. He was just about ready to get up and go back in the house with his brother when suddenly he heard a strange voice.



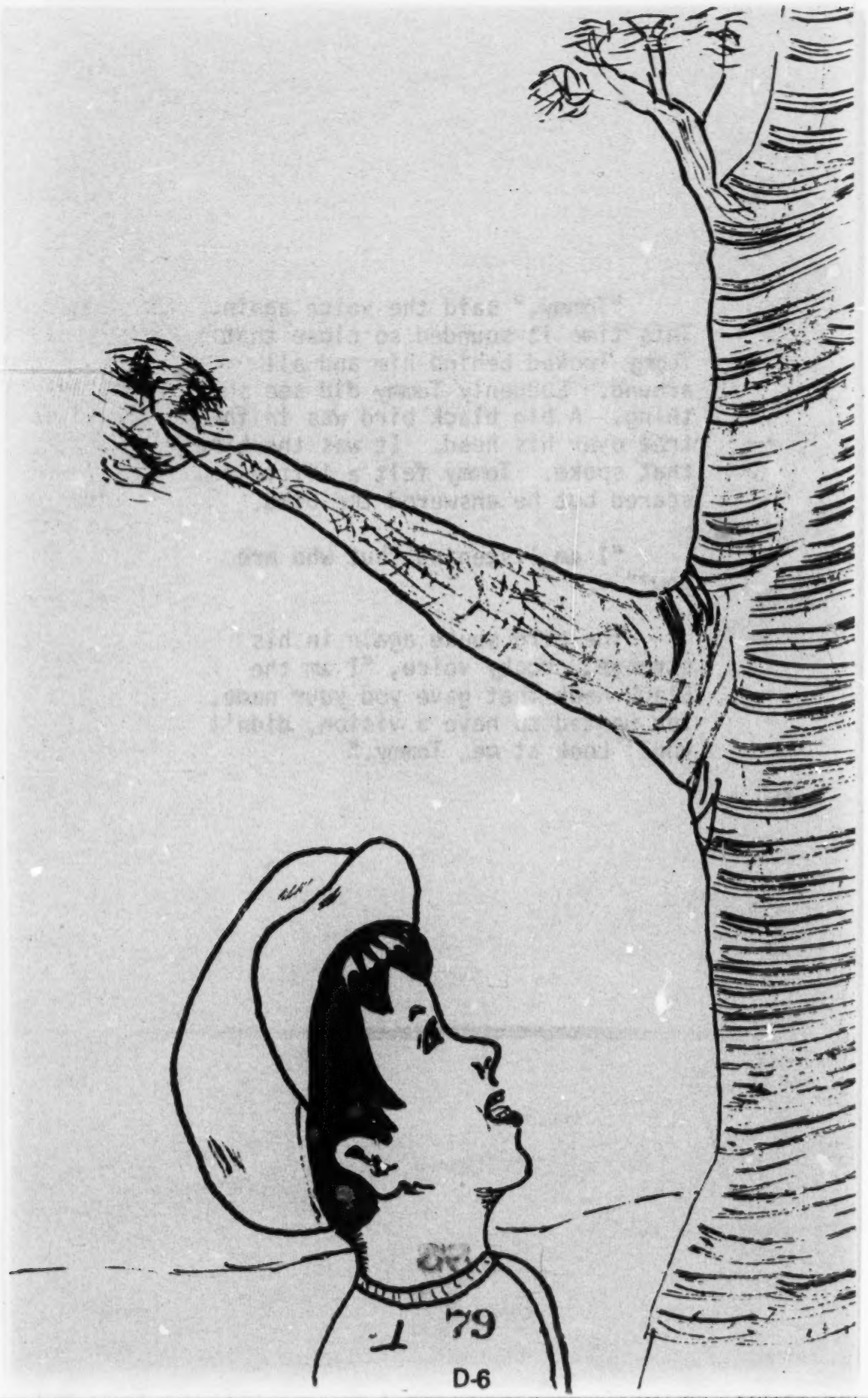
D-4

"Tommy, Tommy Black Hawk," said the strange voice.

Tommy looked around but he couldn't see anyone and then he heard it again. "Tommy Black Hawk, listen to me," it said.

Tommy looked around again but he still didn't see anyone. "Where are you?" he asked, "and who are you?"

The voice sounded like it came from up above Tommy's head. Tommy looked up but still didn't see a thing.

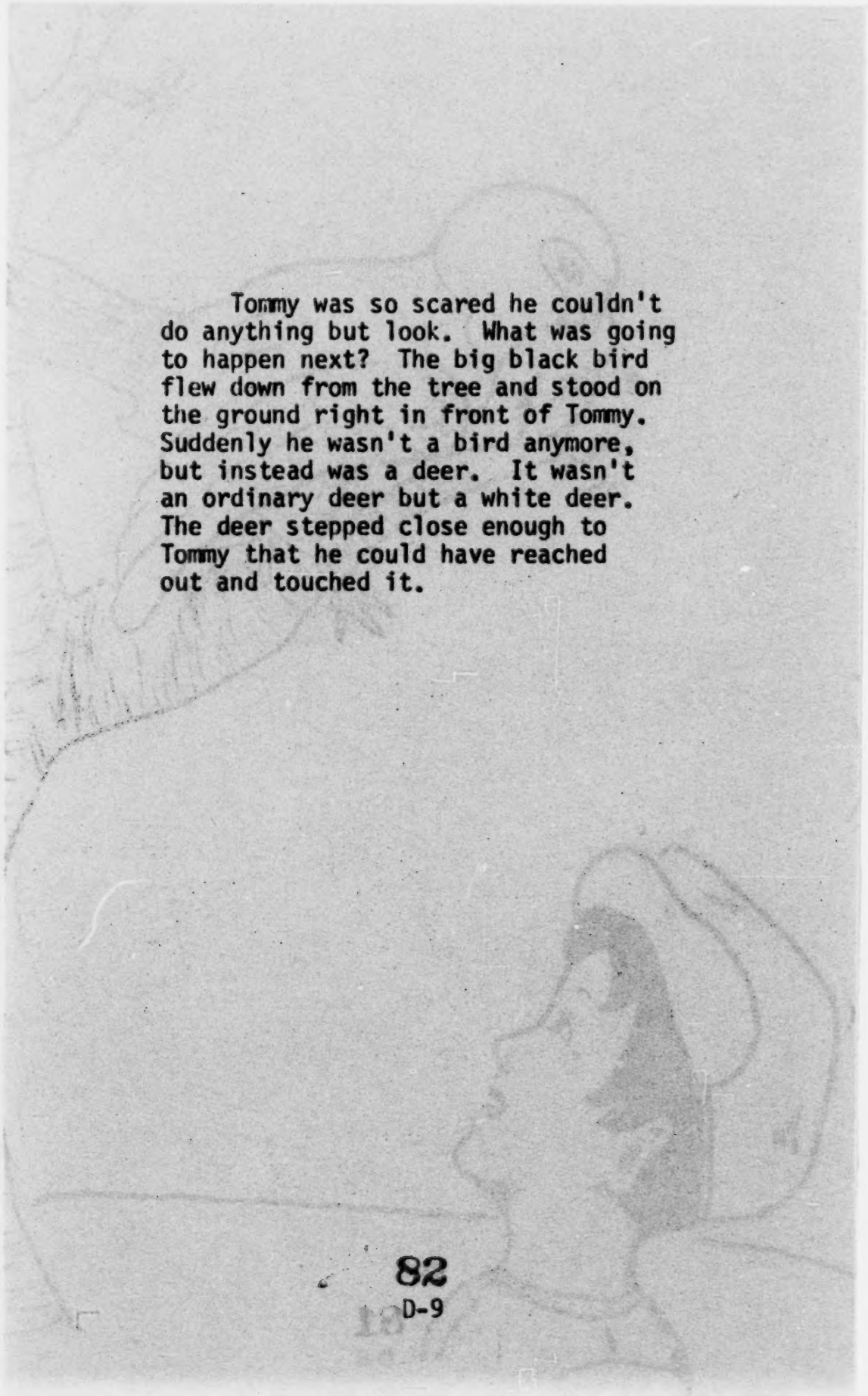

'79

"Tommy," said the voice again. This time it sounded so close that Tommy looked behind him and all around. Suddenly Tommy did see something. A big black bird was in the tree over his head. It was the bird that spoke. Tommy felt a little scared but he answered the bird.

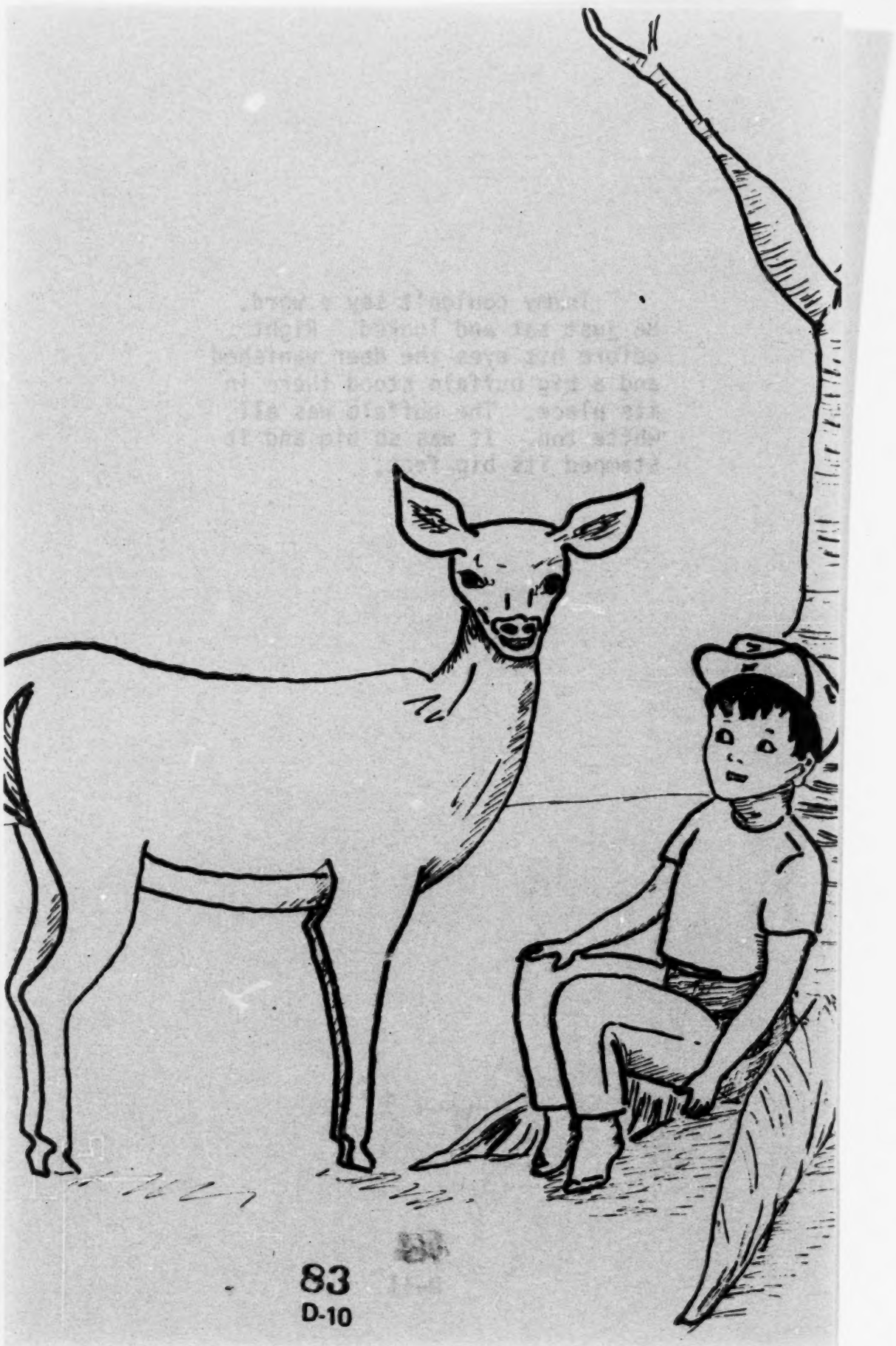
"I am listening, but who are you?"

The bird spoke again in his strange, croaky voice, "I am the Black Hawk that gave you your name. You wanted to have a vision, didn't you? Look at me, Tommy."

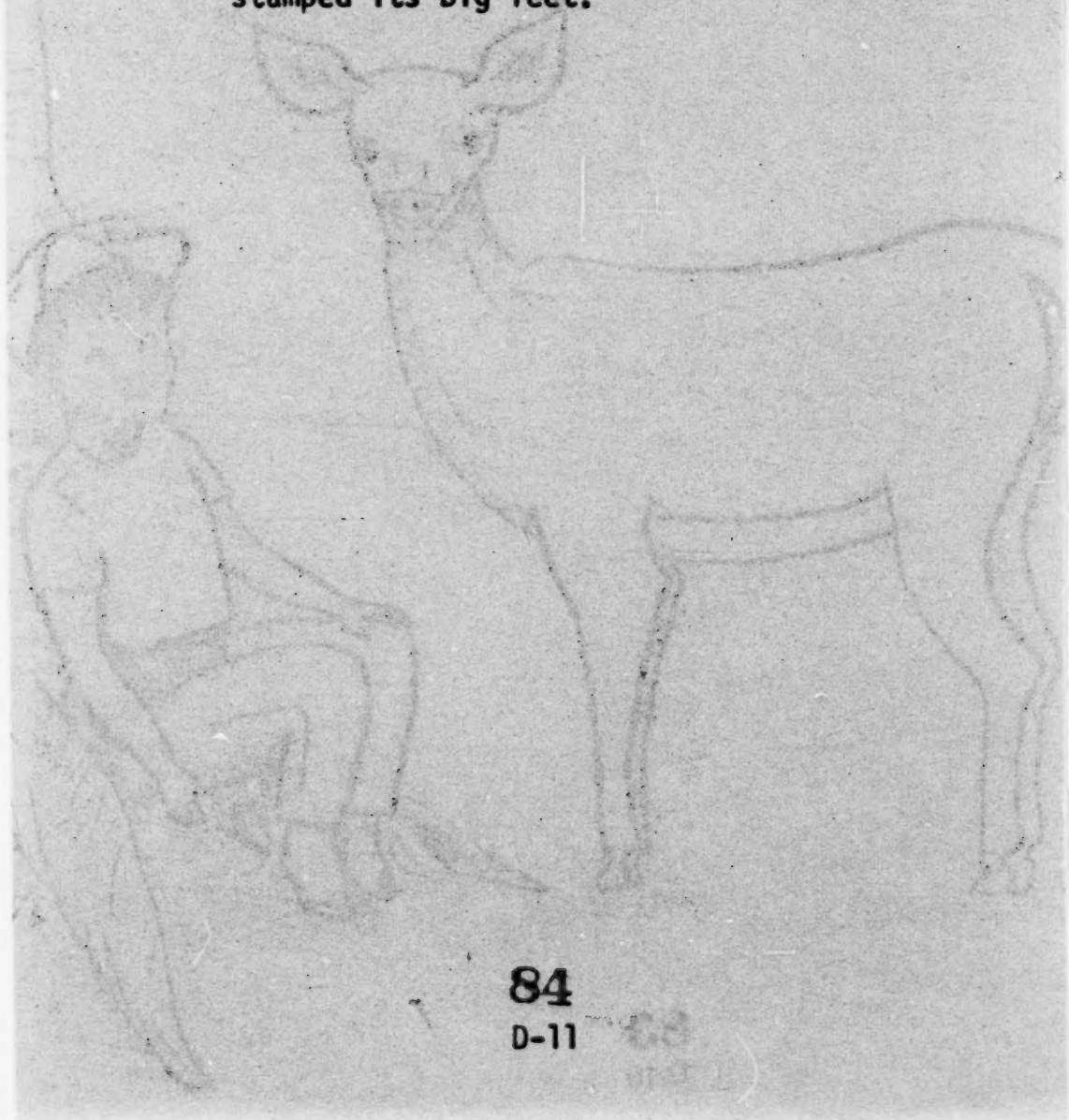
81
D-8

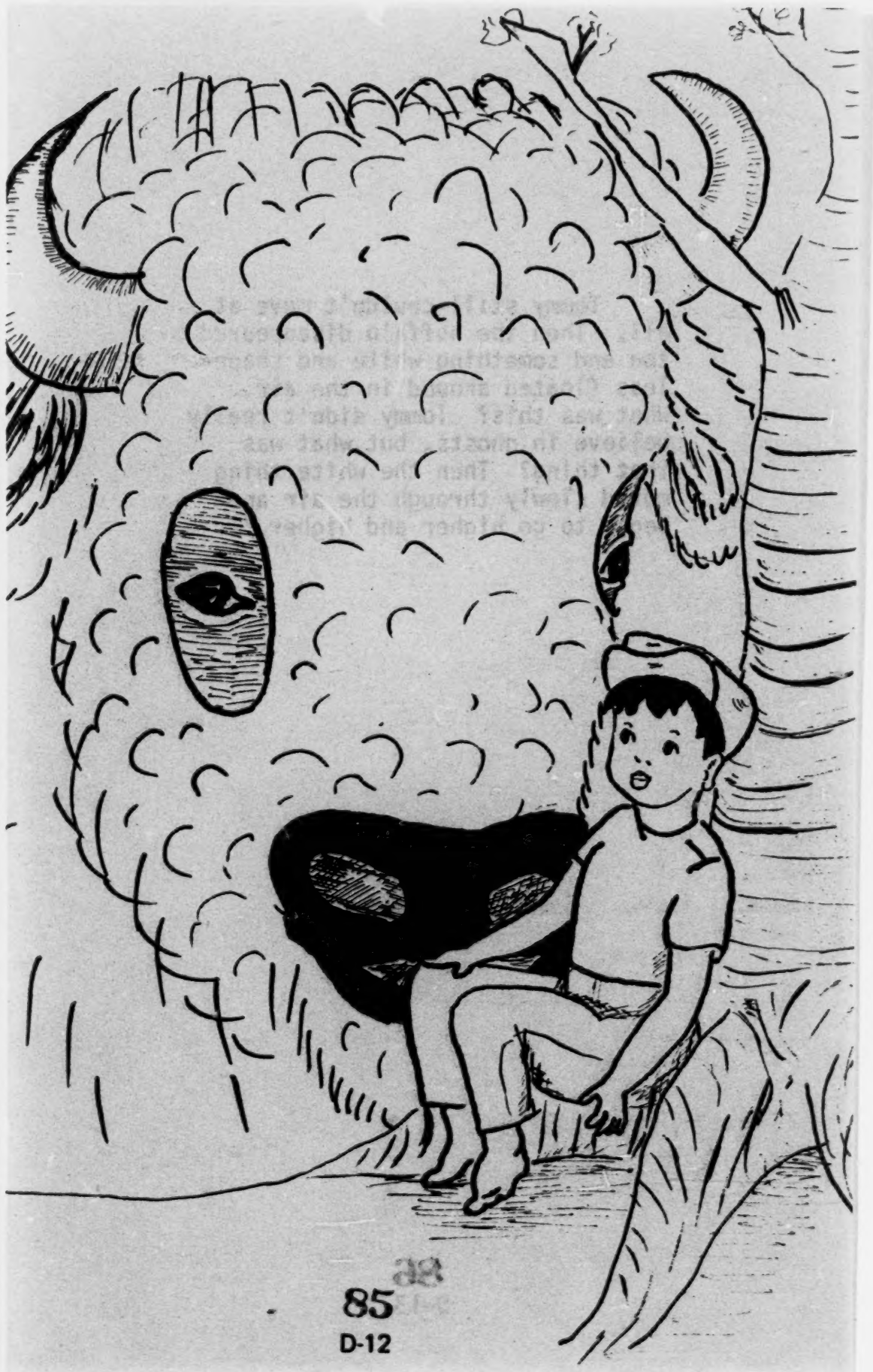


Tommy was so scared he couldn't do anything but look. What was going to happen next? The big black bird flew down from the tree and stood on the ground right in front of Tommy. Suddenly he wasn't a bird anymore, but instead was a deer. It wasn't an ordinary deer but a white deer. The deer stepped close enough to Tommy that he could have reached out and touched it.

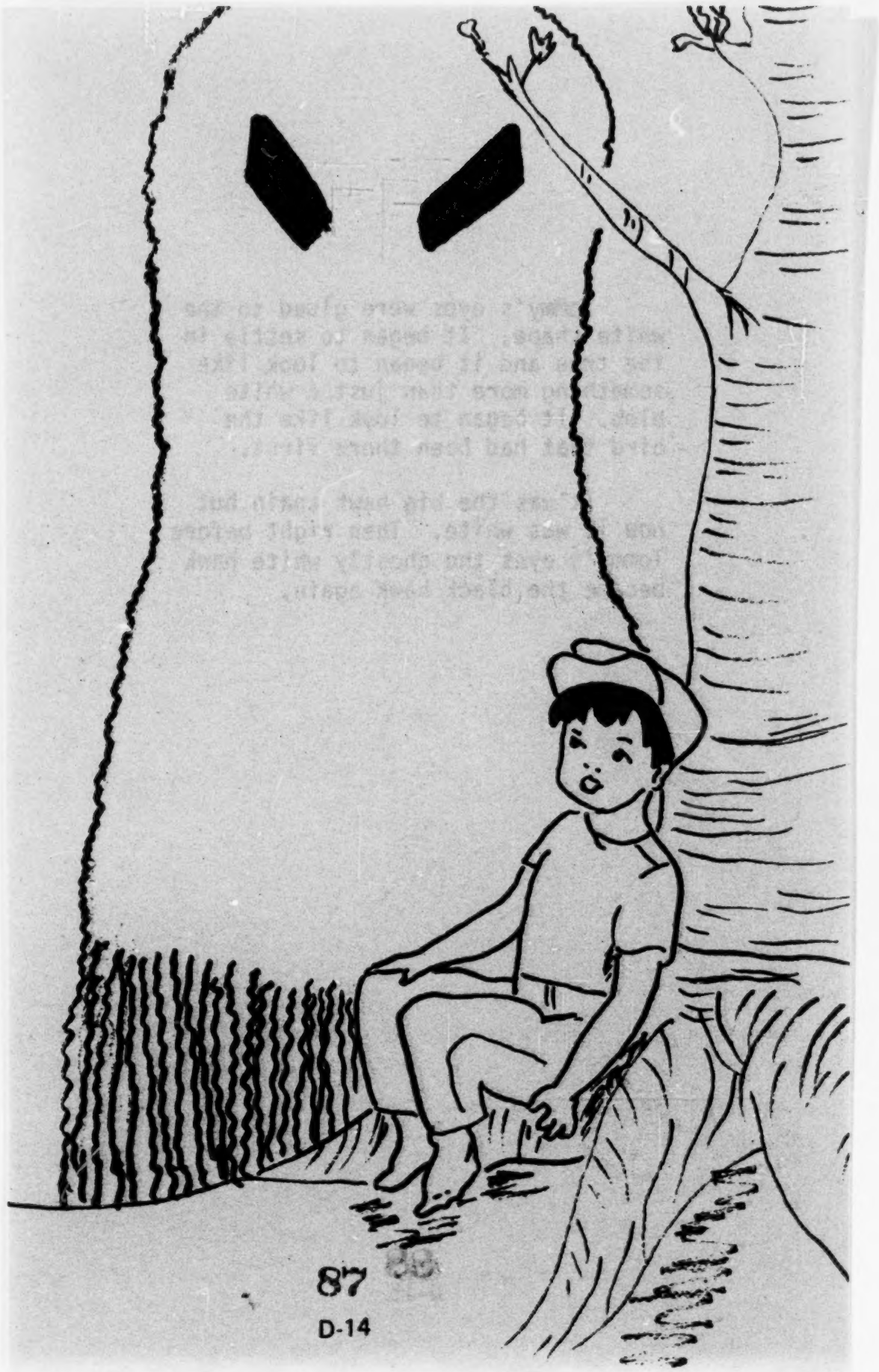


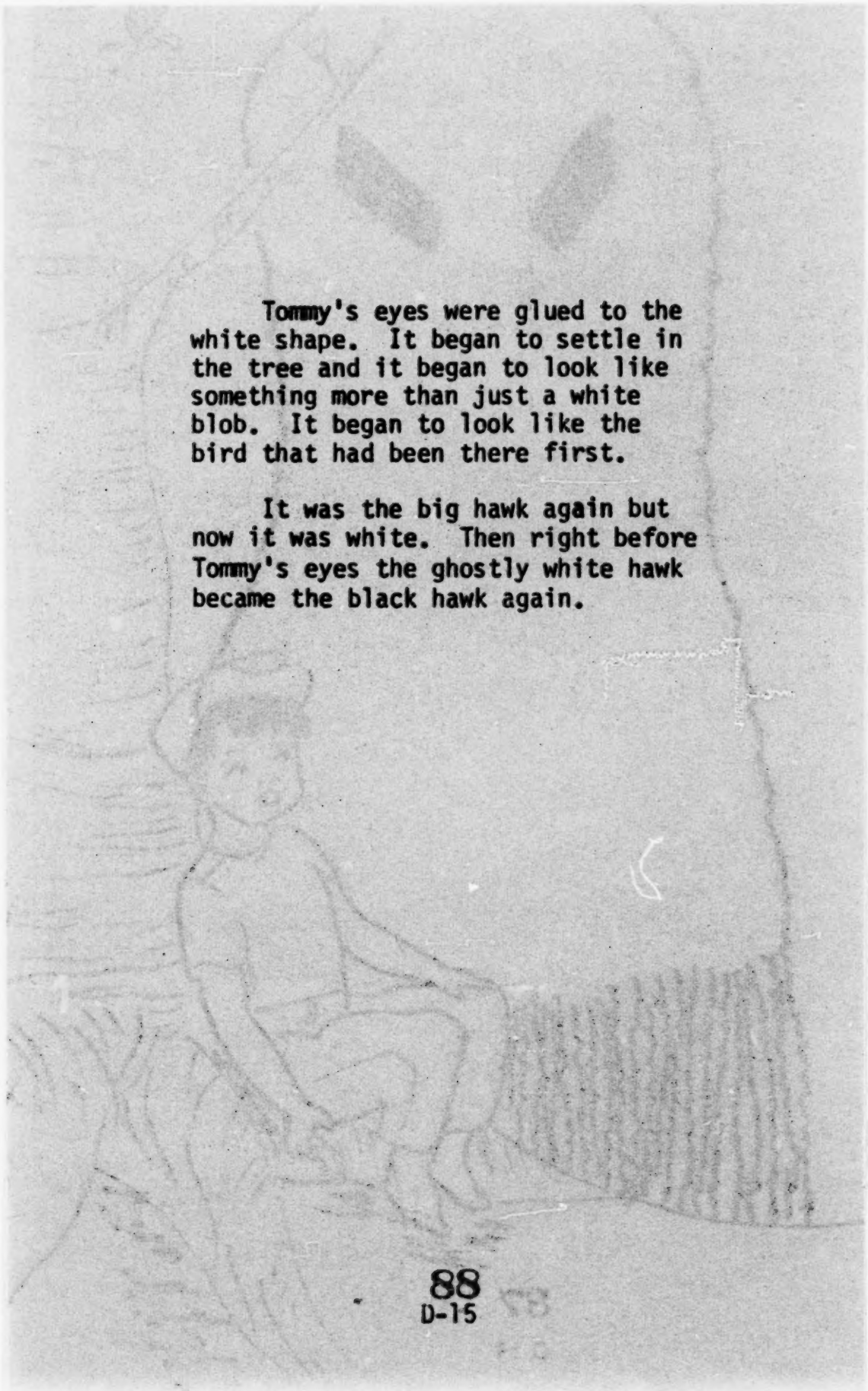
Tommy couldn't say a word. He just sat and looked. Right before his eyes the deer vanished and a big buffalo stood there in its place. The buffalo was all white too. It was so big and it stamped its big feet.





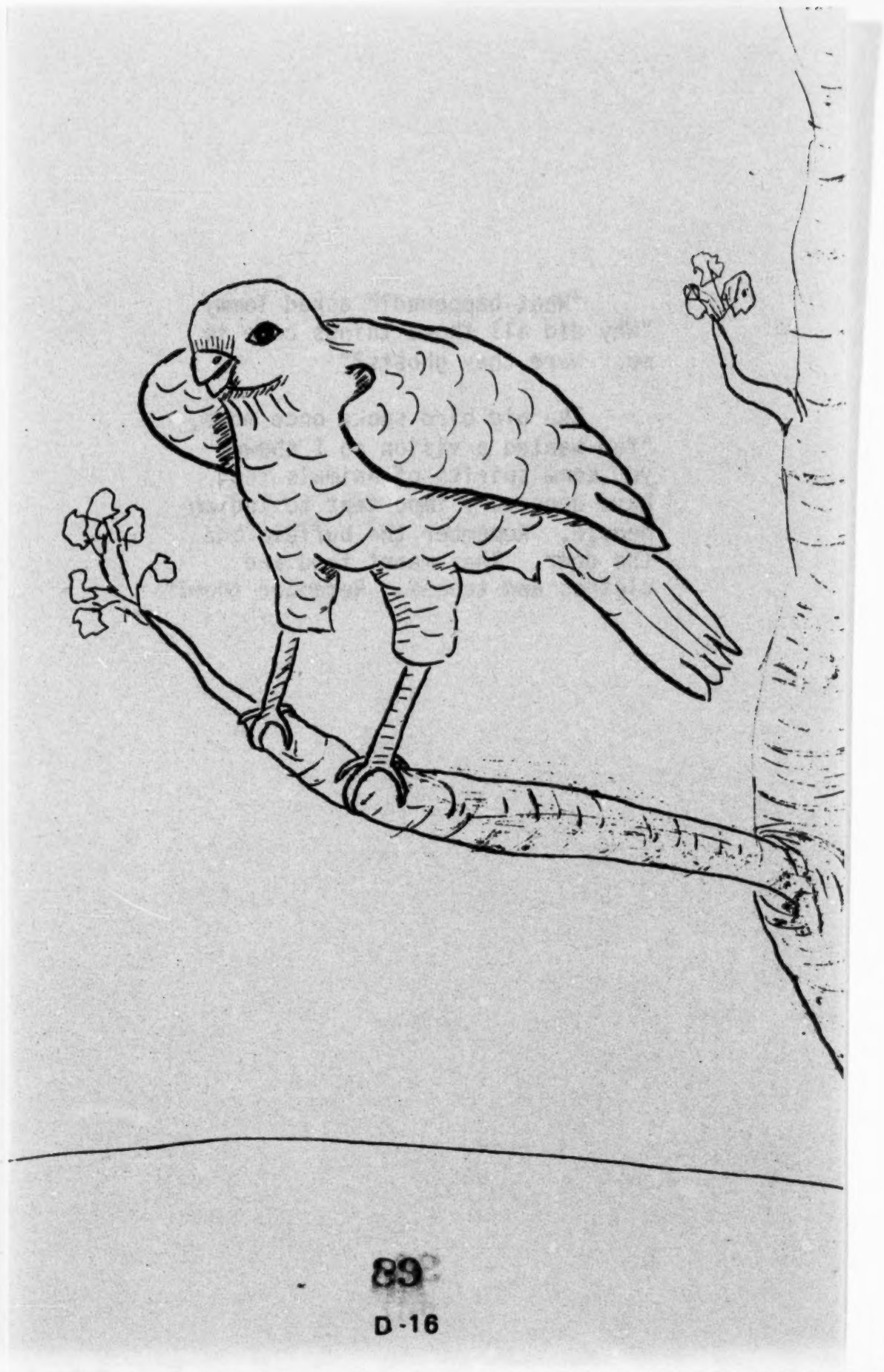
Tommy still couldn't move at all. Then the buffalo disappeared too and something white and shapeless floated around in the air. What was this? Tommy didn't really believe in ghosts, but what was that thing? Then the white thing moved slowly through the air and began to go higher and higher.





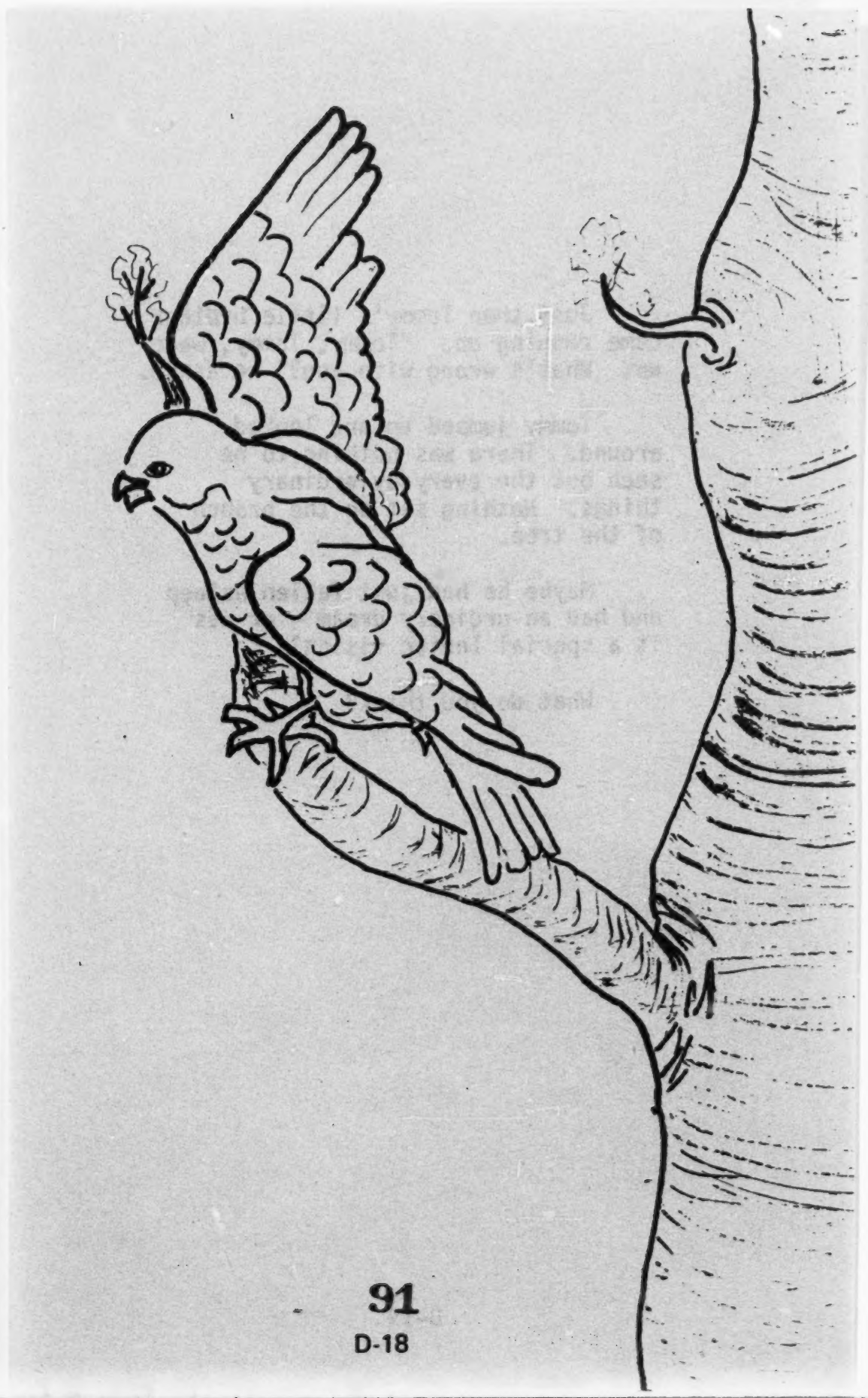
Tommy's eyes were glued to the white shape. It began to settle in the tree and it began to look like something more than just a white blob. It began to look like the bird that had been there first.

It was the big hawk again but now it was white. Then right before Tommy's eyes the ghostly white hawk became the black hawk again.



"What happened?" asked Tommy. "Why did all those things come to me. Were they ghosts?"

The big bird spoke once more, "You wanted a vision so I showed you some spirits of animals that have been very important to Indian people. Remember the buffalo and the deer. They meant food and clothes and tepees. Remember them?"

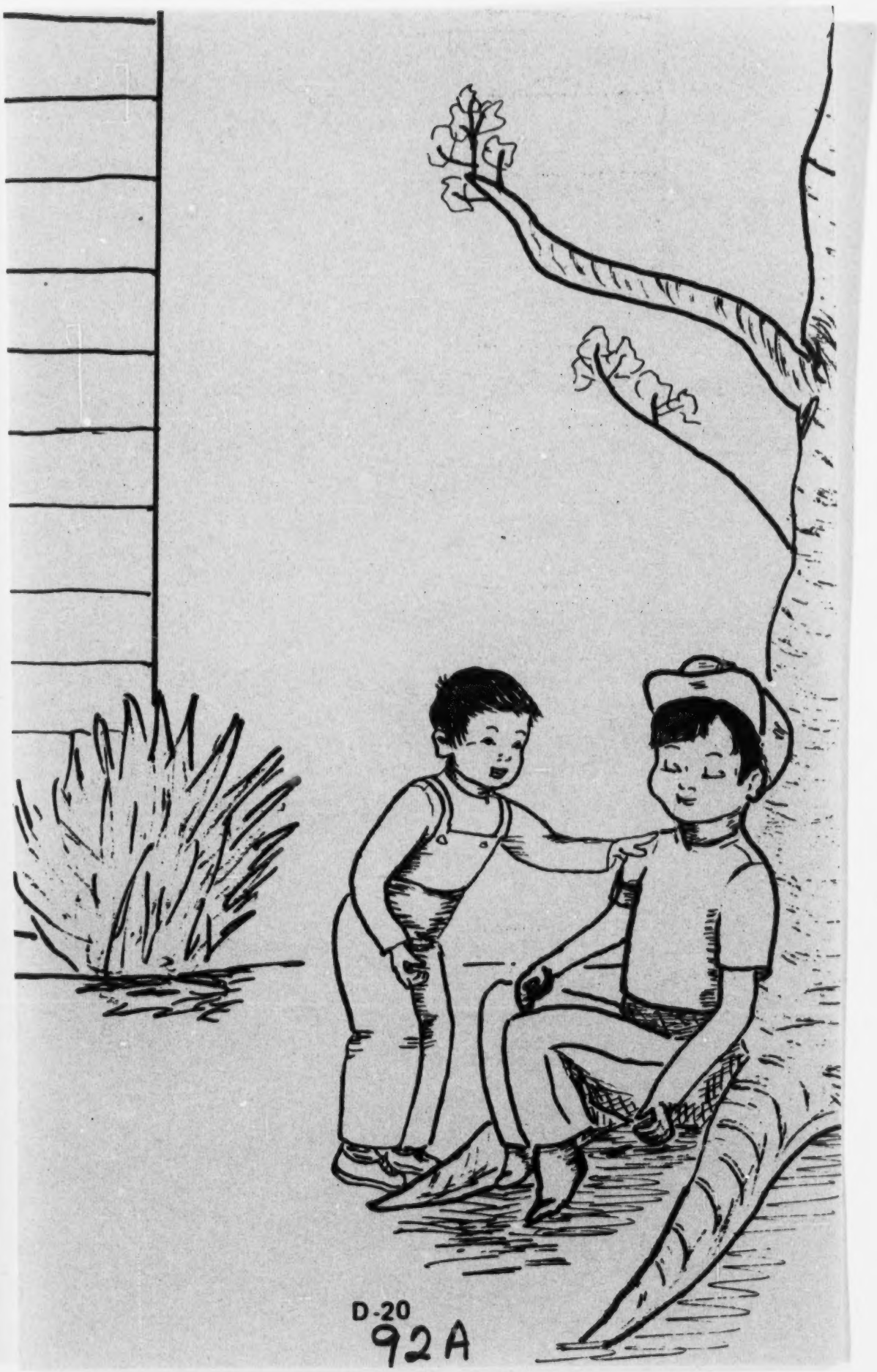


Just then Tommy's little brother came running up. "Tommy, Tommy, wake up. What's wrong with you?" he asked.

Tommy jumped up and looked around. There was nothing to be seen but the everyday ordinary things. Nothing sat on the branch of the tree.

Maybe he had just fallen asleep and had an ordinary dream - or was it a special Indian vision?

What do you think?



D-20
92A

ED 062081

Read Aloud Stories

Winning the Eagle Feather

32 B

READ ALOUD STORIES

RECEIVED
MAY 24 1972
NMSU
E.R.I.C.

Winning The Eagle Feather

by

Dr. Loraine Webster
University of South Dakota

Illustrated by

Mrs. Muriel Bierle
Mission, South Dakota

1972

This series of stories has been printed at the University of South Dakota, Vermillion, South Dakota. This project has been supported by a research grant from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Region VIII, in Denver, Colorado.
(Project Number 1-H-031)

To The Teacher:

Each one of the Read Aloud Stories is designed to convey a simple concept to the young child concerning his Indian heritage.

Winning The Eagle Feather shows the importance of the eagle and the honor conferred upon the individual who earned the right to wear an eagle feather.

Jean and Johnny were playing outdoors on a sunny fall day. Their father had gone hunting the day before. He had shot a pheasant so the two children had a lot of very pretty feathers.

"Let's make a big war bonnet like Indians used to wear," said Johnny.

"Okay, but what is a war bonnet?" asked Jean. She was only five years old so she didn't always understand things like that.

"You know, it's like a hat with feathers all around. Sometimes the feathers even went down the back to the ground," answered Johnny.

The two children were so busy putting their feathers into a headband made of paper that they didn't even notice that their father had come up behind them. He stood watching them for a moment.

"That is a very pretty headband you are making," he said. "But do you know our Indian grandfathers would never have worn it."

"Why not?" asked Jean.

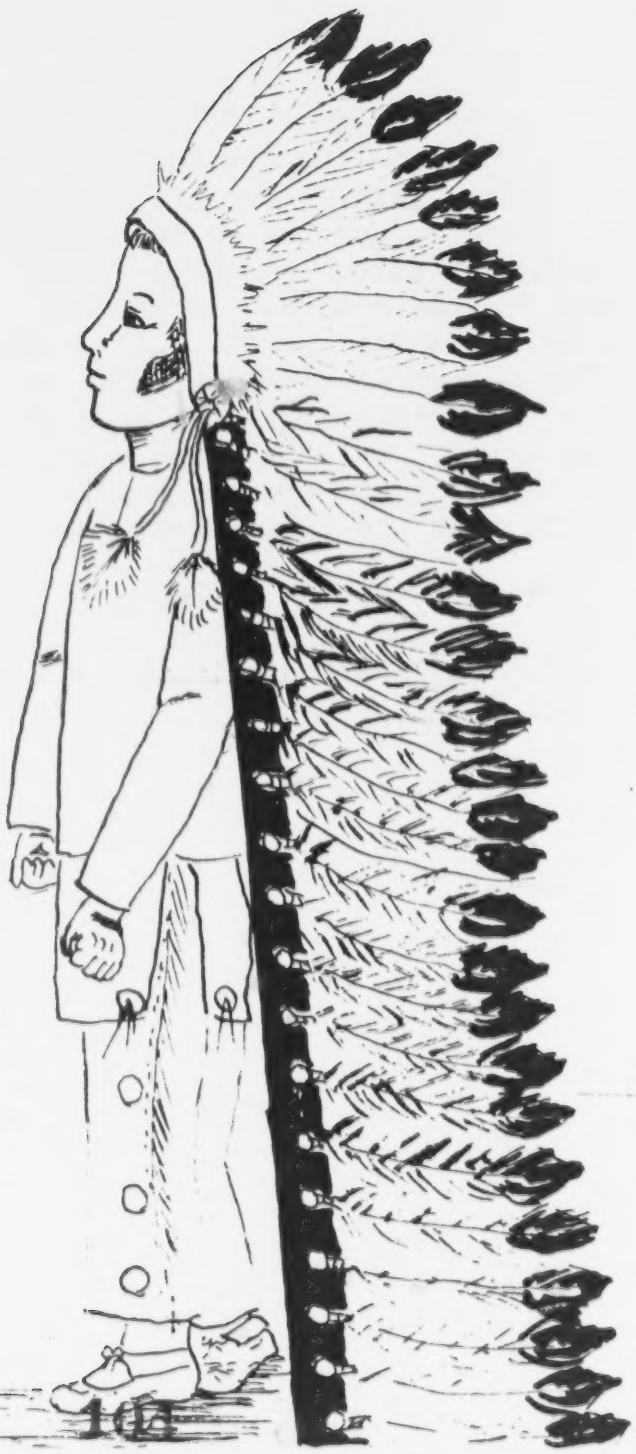
"Yeah, why not? It's really a neat war bonnet," said Johnny.

"Well, for one thing Indians would not have wanted to wear feathers from a pheasant. They liked eagle feathers," said Father.

"But our feathers are so pretty," said Jean. "Why did they like eagle feathers so much?"

"The eagle was such a beautiful big bird and it was very strong too. It could fly so high with its powerful wings. It became the one bird that our Indian people admired the most and its feathers came to mean the most to them," answered Father.

"I still like our war bonnet," said Johnny, "but boy, if I lived in the old days I would have had such a big one. Eagle feathers right down my back to the ground." Johnny sat there for a moment thinking what a handsome Indian he would have been with his big war bonnet. "I think I would have been a Chief with my neat war bonnet," he said.



Father laughed, "It wasn't that easy, Johnny. You couldn't just wear all those feathers because you wanted to. The Indians had to earn each feather by doing something brave. Each feather that an Indian wore meant something special. They were often marked in different ways or worn in different ways to show what they meant. It took a man years to win the right to wear as many feathers as you talk about, Johnny."

Father had to leave and go do some work so he walked on leaving the two children to think about what he had said.

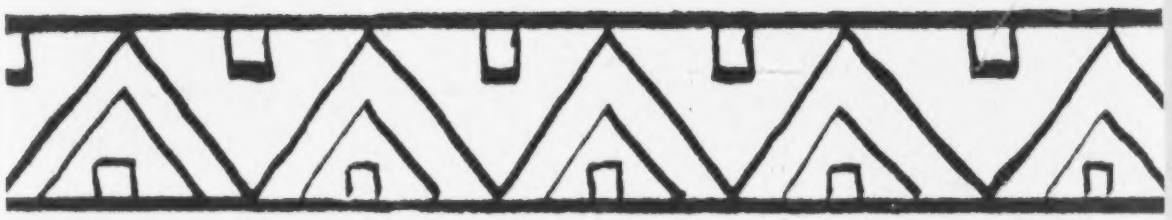
I-12

"Gee, maybe we better just put one feather in our headband," said Johnny. "We can pretend it's an eagle feather and pretend we did one brave thing to win it."

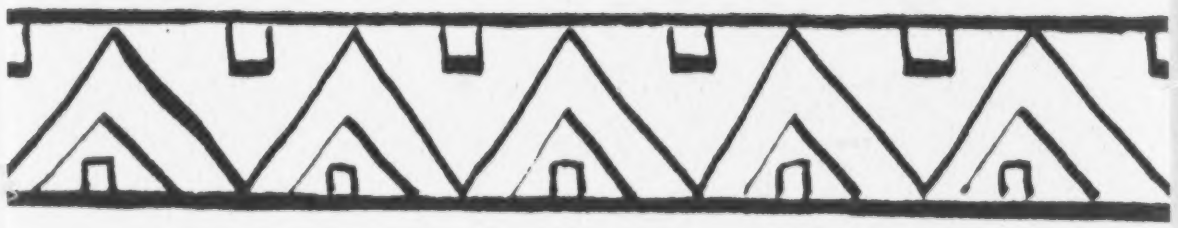
"Okay," agreed Jean.

So they made new headbands with one feather in each one. Then they put them on and proudly wore them into the house to show their mother.

Read Aloud Stories



The Story of the Peace Pipe



READ ALOUD STORIES

The Story of the Peace Pipe

RECEIVED
MAY 24 1972
NMSU
E.R.I.C.

by

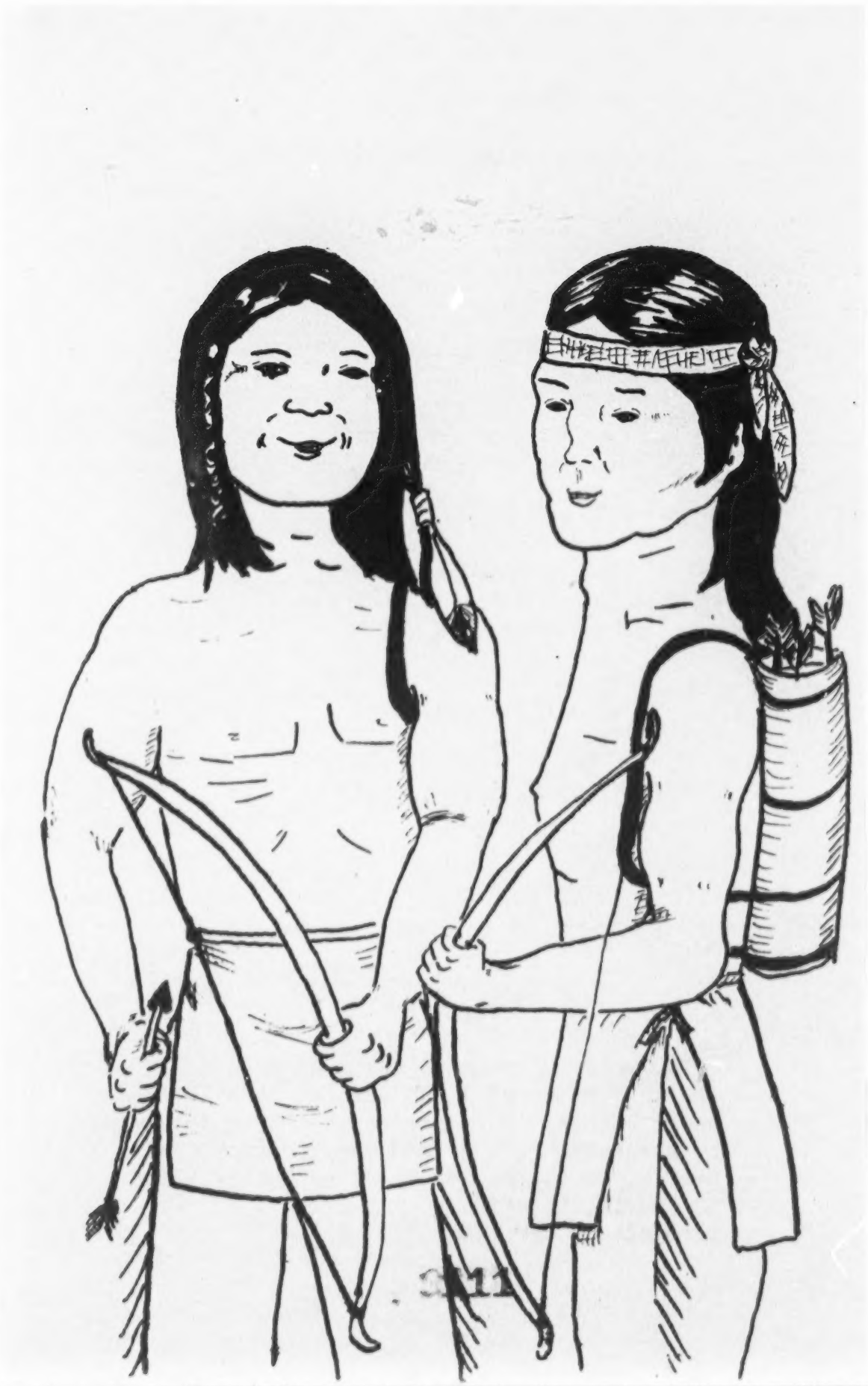
Dr. Loraine Webster
University of South Dakota

Illustrated by

Mrs. Muriel Bierle
Mission, South Dakota

1972

This series of stories has been printed at the University of South Dakota, Vermillion, South Dakota. This project has been supported by a research grant from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Region VIII, in Denver, Colorado.
(Project Number 1-H-031)



To The Teacher:

Each one of the Read Aloud Stories is designed to convey a simple concept to the young child concerning his Indian heritage.

The Story of the Peace Pipe retells in simple language a traditional Indian legend.

A long time ago, a very, very long time ago, there was a time when the Indian people were in great trouble. Hunting had been poor and the people were sad and hungry.

One day two hunters went out to look for buffalo. They had climbed a high hill to look around and they saw something very strange. A beautiful Indian woman appeared before them. She was dressed in a pretty white buckskin dress and had very long hair.

One of the hunters quickly stepped toward her and was going to grab her but before he could touch her a cloud came down and covered the woman and the hunter. The woman stepped out of the cloud and when the cloud moved away the other hunter saw that all that was left of the man was his bones.

The hunter was terribly frightened. He knew this was no ordinary woman. She was not just human she must be something much more.

Then the beautiful woman looked right at him and spoke, "You shall go home and tell your people that I am coming and that a big tepee shall be built for me."

The hunter wasted no time because he was still terribly frightened. He hurried back to his encampment and told his people everything that had happened. The people did make the big tepee, then they waited wondering what was going to happen next.

Then the beautiful woman came and she sang a song as she entered the tepee. She was carrying a long pipe. She told the chiefs that they should smoke the pipe together. She told them they should point the pipe to all parts of the earth, north, south, east and west, and to Mother Earth and the Great Spirit above. Then they should smoke the pipe together and things would go well for them. They would find buffalo to hunt and they would have much good luck in the future. She explained all this to the chiefs and then went out of the tepee singing again.

Now all this was very strange and magical but the strangest thing of all happened now. As the beautiful woman all dressed in white walked away, suddenly she was not a woman any longer. Instead the people saw a white buffalo galloping off into the distance.

After this, smoking the peace pipe became important to the Indians. The peace pipe meant peace and good fortune. It meant many good things to the people.

This story has been told so many times that no one really knows if it is true. It all happened so very long ago - what do you think?

ED 062081

Read Aloud Stories

Little Kitten Earns a Name

READ ALOUD STORIES

RECEIVED
MAY 24 1972
NMSU
E.R.I.C.

Little Kitten Earns A Name

by

Dr. Loraine Webster
University of South Dakota

Illustrated by

Mrs. Muriel Bierle
Mission, South Dakota

1972

This series of stories has been printed at the University of South Dakota, Vermillion, South Dakota. This project has been supported by a research grant from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Region VIII, in Denver, Colorado.
(Project Number 1-H-031)

To The Teacher:

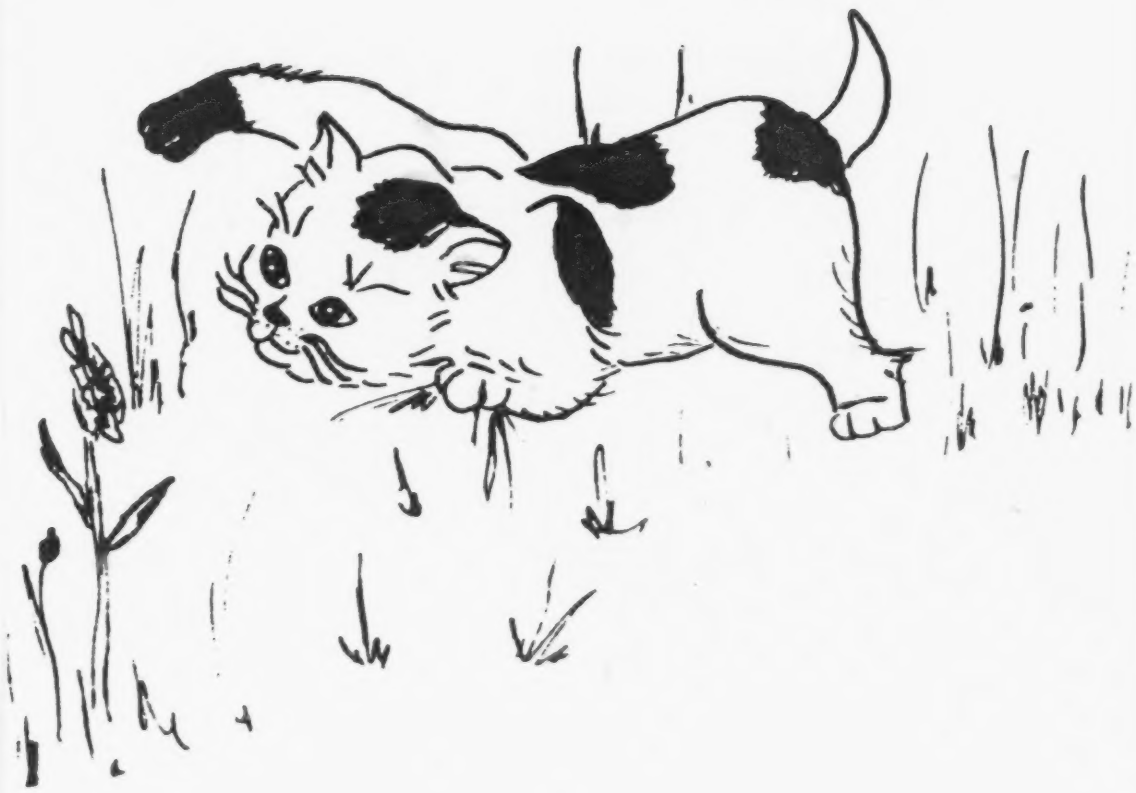
Each one of the Read Aloud Stories is designed to convey a simple concept to the young child concerning his Indian heritage.

Little Kitten Earns A Name is a story intended to illustrate early practices of naming in the Sioux culture.

Jimmy Red Deer woke up feeling very happy. He had to stop and think why he felt so good today. Then he remembered, he had a new little friend.

It was a black and white kitten. Jimmy had just gotten the kitten yesterday from a neighbor whose cat had had kittens.

It was so much fun. He had played with the kitten all evening until he finally had to go to bed.



Jimmy wanted to get up and see his kitten again. He got dressed and ran outside. He called, "Here Little Kitty, here Little Kitty." The little kitten came running up to Jimmy. Jimmy bent down and picked it up and petted it.

Jimmy's grandfather was sitting in the shade of the bower watching Jimmy.

"What is the kitten's name, Jimmy?" asked Grandfather.

"It doesn't have a name," said Jimmy. "I just call it Little Kitty."

"Perhaps you would like to know how our people got their names long ago and maybe that will give you an idea how to name your kitten," said Grandfather.

The kitten had fallen asleep beside Jimmy and it was purring happily. Jimmy said, "How did Indians get names, Grandfather? Why is our name Red Deer?"

"In the old days our people got their names in several ways," said Grandfather. "Often a child was just given a nickname until he was bigger and could find a name especially suited to him. Sometimes a great hunter earned a name like Kills-Many-Buffaloes. A warrior could get a name by being very brave in a battle. Often our people had great dreams called visions and these were very important to the Sioux. Sometimes a strange animal or spirit would appear in the dream and a person would take a new name from this."

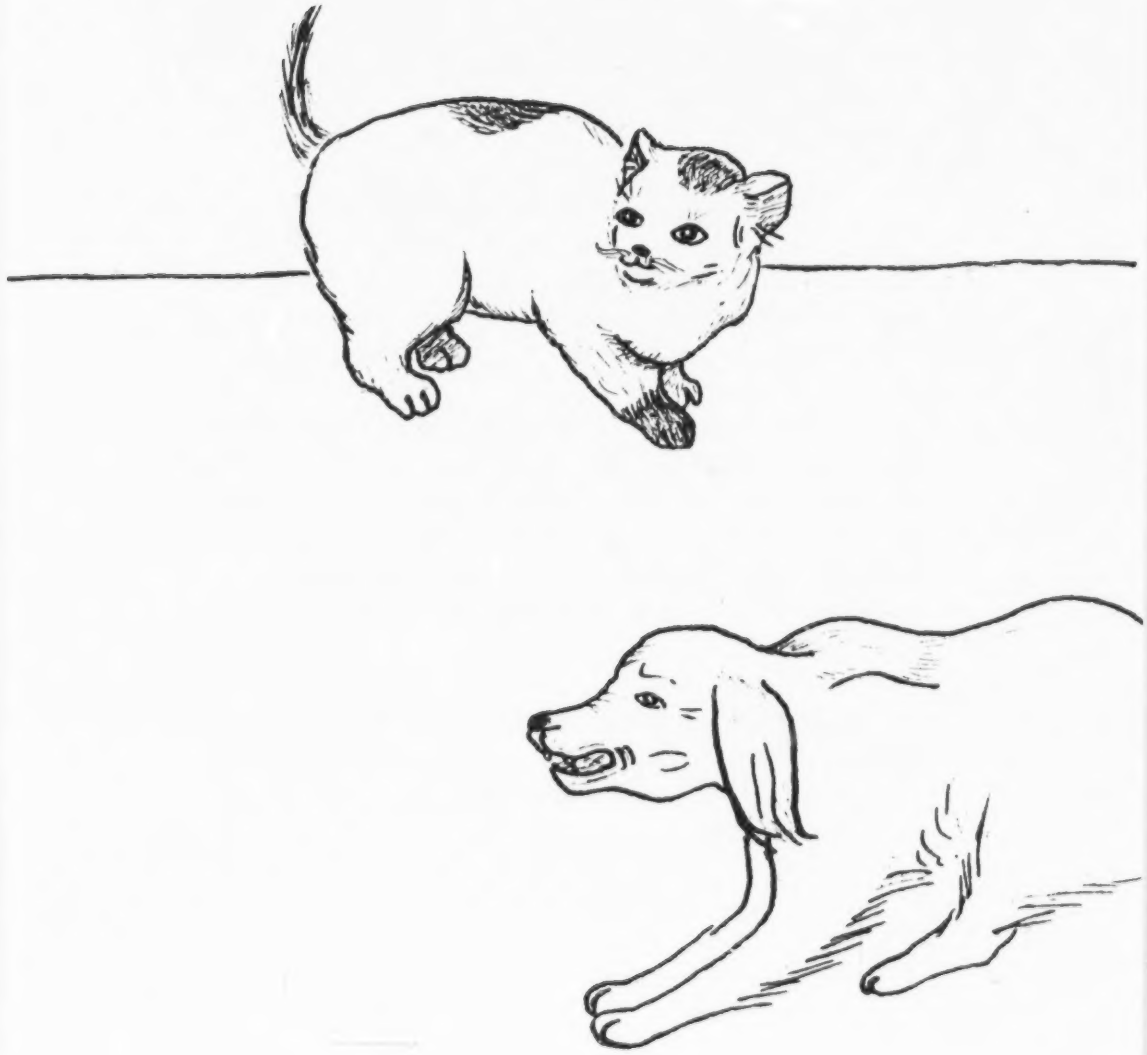
"Well, why are we called Red Deer?" Jimmy asked again.

"My grandfather had a vision, such as I told you about, and in it a red deer appeared and talked to him. It told him so many wise things that he was known as Red Deer after that and we have all had the name Red Deer ever since," answered Grandfather.

Jimmy sat beside Grandfather looking thoughtful. "That is good to know, Grandfather, but how does it help me name my kitten?"

"You must watch and if the kitten does something brave or different or funny it will find its own name," said Grandfather.

The kitten jumped up and ran away. It began to play in some tall grass, jumping and biting the grass.



Jimmy remembered what his grandfather had said about the old Indian way of getting names but he never saw the kitten do anything but run and play and eat and sleep.

Then one day a little dog with a very loud bark came near Jimmy's house. The kitten heard the dog's loud bark and was frightened. Even though it was just a little dog it made such a big noise.

The dog saw the little kitten and started chasing it, barking wildly. The kitten ran as fast as it could and the dog got more and more excited. It barked louder and louder. The kitten ran around the trees and bushes and through tall grass.

It was trying to get to the house where Jimmy was. Just then Jimmy heard all the noise and came out to see what was going on.

He came out just in time to see the little kitten run into a corner where the porch was. The little kitten was trapped. It couldn't get away. Would the noisy dog hurt it?

Something very surprising happened next. The little kitten could not run any further so it suddenly turned on the dog like a little wild cat. It spit and hissed and snarled and was ready to jump on the dog and scratch it with sharp little claws.

The dog stopped and looked very uncertain. It began backing away slowly. Then when it thought the kitten was really going to jump on him he turned and ran away as fast as he could.

The kitten stopped looking so wild and dangerous and looked like it usually did. It ran over to Jimmy and Jimmy picked it up saying, "What a brave little kitten to scare away a mean dog."

Then Jimmy ran into the house calling to his grandfather. "Grandfather, Grandfather, the kitten has found a name for itself. It did something very brave just like you said our warriors and hunters did in the old days."

Then Jimmy told his grandfather all about how the kitten scared away the dog.

Grandfather smiled, "You are right, Jimmy. It does seem the kitten has earned a name for itself. What will it be?"

"We shall call it Brave Cat Who Fights Dogs," said Jimmy.

And so they did. The kitten grew up and was called Brave Cat for short as long as it lived.

Read Aloud Stories

A Visit to the Zoo

READ ALOUD STORIES

A Visit To The Zoo

RECEIVED
MAY 24 1972
NMSU
E.R.I.C.

by

Dr. Loraine Webster
University of South Dakota

Illustrated by

Mrs. Muriel Bierle
Mission, South Dakota

1972

This series of stories has been printed at the University of South Dakota, Vermillion, South Dakota. This project has been supported by a research grant from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Region VIII, in Denver, Colorado.
(Project Number 1-H-031)

To The Teacher:

Each one of the Read Aloud Stories is designed to convey a simple concept to the young child concerning his Indian heritage.

A Visit To The Zoo is intended to show the importance of the buffalo to the culture of the Plains Indians in earlier times.

Kevin White Mountain was very excited. Today was a special day. He was going with his class to visit the zoo.

Kevin knew he would see all sorts of animals at the zoo and he wanted to see elephants and lions and tigers. He wanted to see bears and giraffes. He wanted to see everything, all the animals and birds and fish, but there was one animal he wanted to see most of all.

All the other children knew that Kevin had one special animal he wanted to see. His teacher knew it too, but no one knew just what it was that Kevin wanted to see so badly.

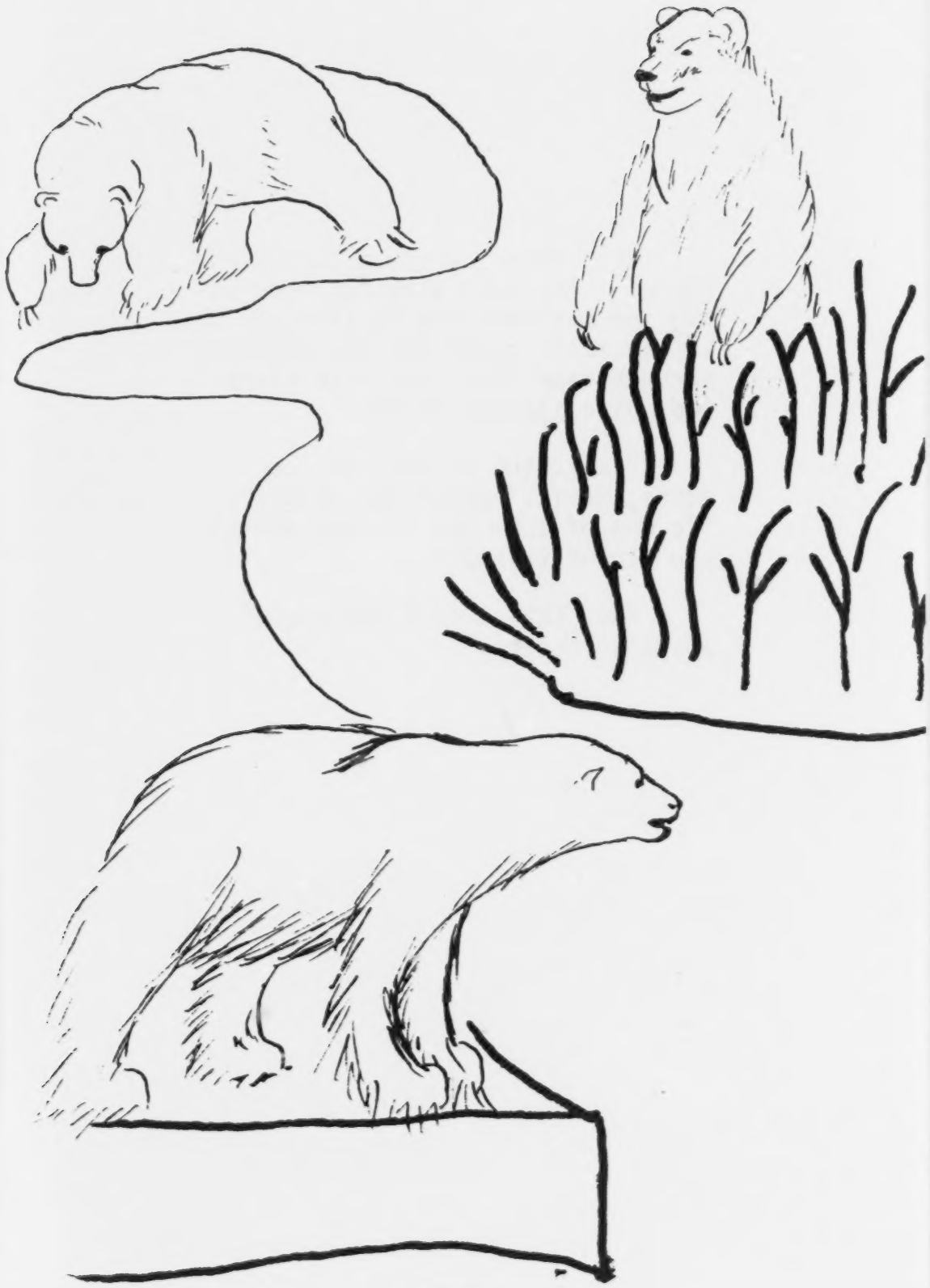
After all the children arrived at school, they got on a school bus and rode a long, long way. They finally got to the zoo. All the children were excited. It was so much fun seeing all the animals that they had only seen in books.

ZOO
ANIMALS

First they looked at the bears. There were brown bears, and black bears and white bears. The white bears were called Polar Bears.

The teacher said, "Are these the animals you especially wanted to see, Kevin?"

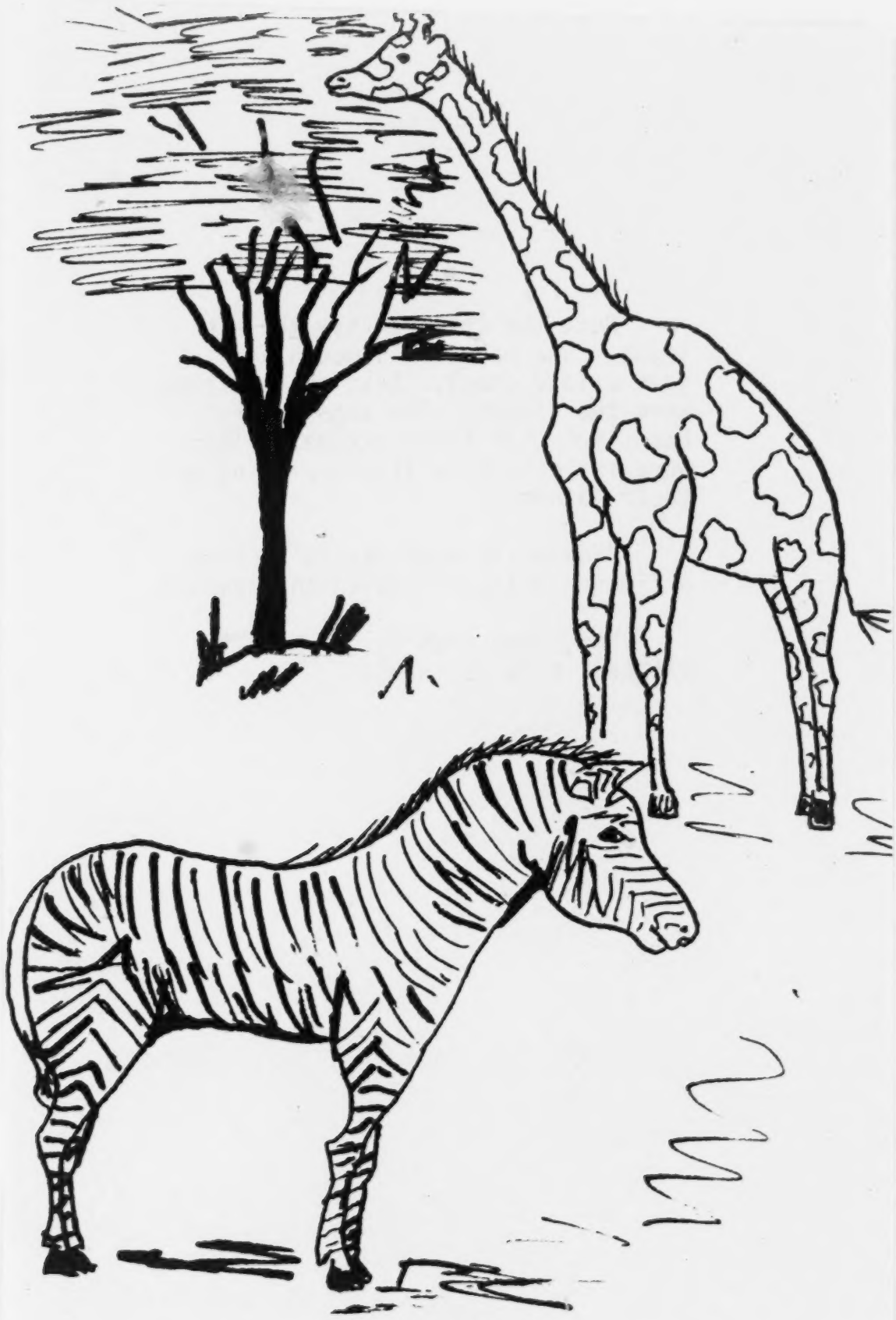
"No, I like the bears but they aren't the ones," said Kevin.



Next they saw the giraffes and zebras. The tall giraffes were so big the children had to look way up to see their heads and the zebra's stripes made them look like black and white striped horses.

"Is it the giraffe or the zebra, Kevin?" asked the teacher. "Is one of them the special animal you wanted to see?"

"No, they aren't the ones," answered Kevin.



Next the children saw the big lions. One opened his mouth and gave a loud growl. Next to the lions were the tigers. The tigers were beautiful with their stripes. There were two cute baby tigers playing by their mother.

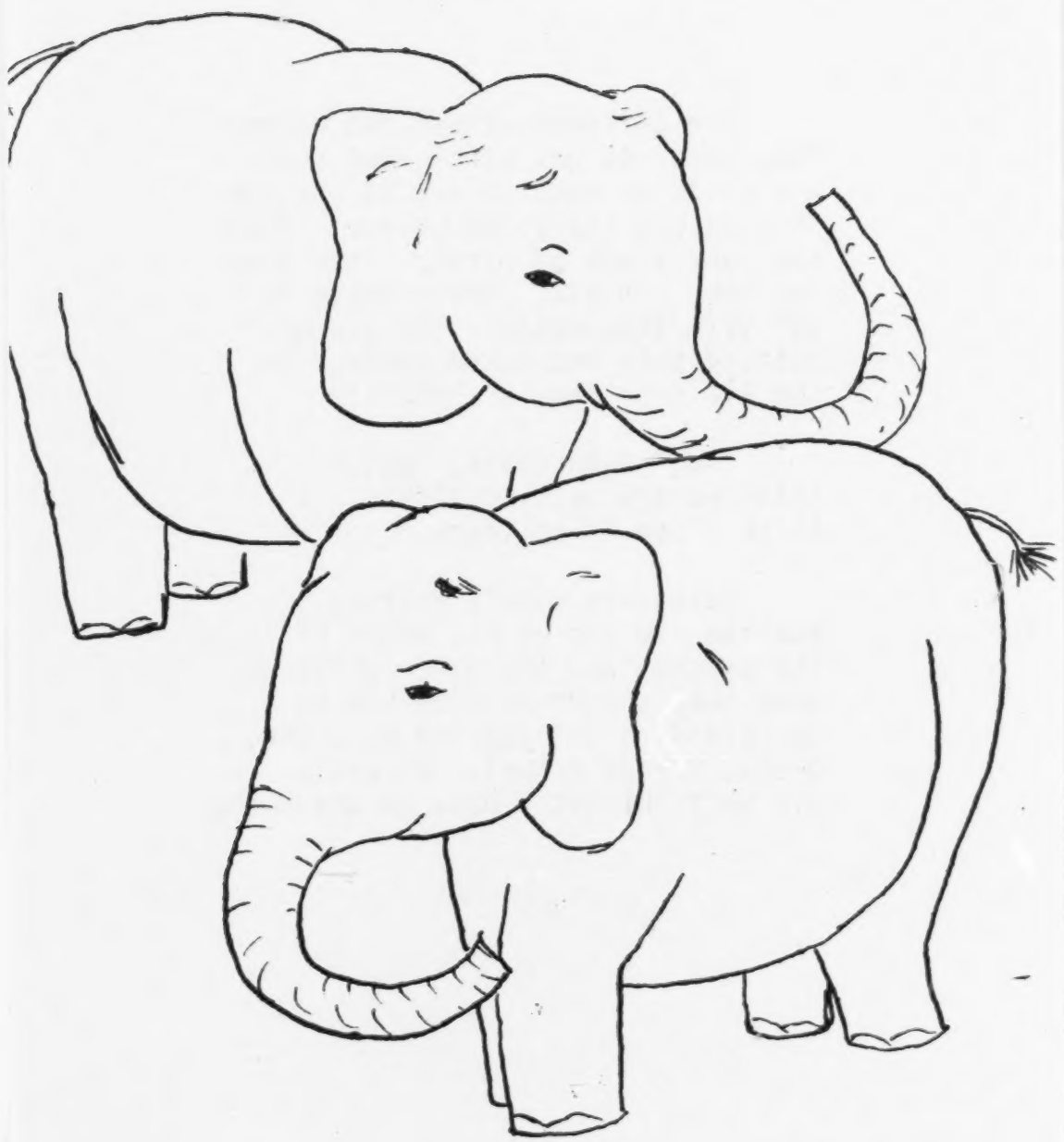
"Kevin, is your special animal a lion or a tiger?" asked the teacher.

"No, they aren't the ones either," said Kevin.

The children saw two big, grey elephants standing and moving their long trunks back and forth. The children could feed them peanuts. They held the peanuts in their hands and the elephants used their trunks to take the nuts and put them in their mouths. It felt funny when the elephant's trunks touched their hands. The children laughed. The zoo was certainly fun.

The teacher asked Kevin the question, "Is it the elephant? Is that the special animal, Kevin?"

"No, we still haven't come to my special animal." answered Kevin.



The children walked and walked. They began to get tired, but there was still so much to see at the zoo. They passed seals and walrus. They saw many kinds of birds. Then they saw deer and elk. Kevin began to get very interested. The teacher noticed this and asked again, "Is the elk your special animal?"

"No," said Kevin, "but I think we are getting closer. I think I see it up there."

Kevin was really getting excited now and he ran ahead of the teacher and the other children. When they caught up with him he was standing and staring at a big, brown, shaggy animal. It was a big buffalo with a hump on his back.

The teacher laughed, "I should have known. The buffalo is the animal you especially wanted to see, isn't it?"

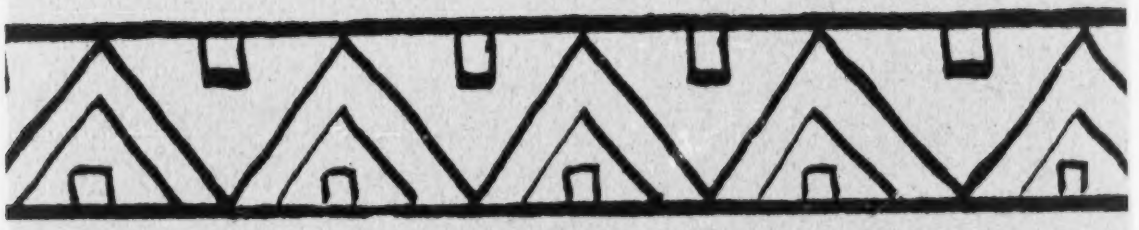
"Yes," said Kevin, "I have heard so many stories about the buffalo and how our people hunted them in the old days and I never saw one, but now I have."

The teacher said, "Yes, Kevin, all you children should be interested in seeing the buffalo. The Indian people depended on the buffalo for food and clothes and even their tepees."

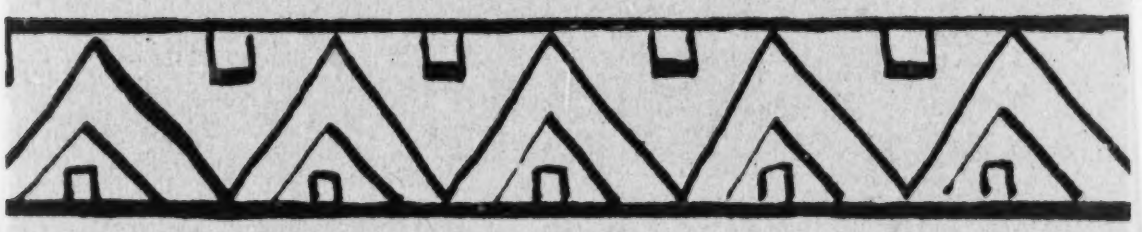
The children all looked at the big buffalo, but no one looked harder and longer than Kevin.

Bison

Read Aloud Stories



An Indian Artist



READ ALOUD STORIES

An Indian Artist

RECEIVED
MAY 24 1972
NMSU
E.R.I.C.

by

Dr. Loraine Webster
University of South Dakota

Illustrated by

Mrs. Muriel Bierle
Mission, South Dakota

1972

This series of stories has been printed at the University of South Dakota, Vermillion, South Dakota. This project has been supported by a research grant from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Region VIII, in Denver, Colorado.
(Project Number 1-H-031)

162

To The Teacher:

Each one of the Read Aloud Stories is designed to convey a simple concept to the young child concerning his Indian heritage.

An Indian Artist is intended to convey the idea that arts and crafts were an important part of Indian life and that men and women had distinctly different roles in the area of arts and crafts.

Billy Little Wind was working very hard painting a picture. It was art time in his classroom and all the children liked to draw and make things when it was time for art.

Billy liked to make animals and he was drawing a dog. It was a big black dog and just as Billy finished his picture his teacher came by.

"Billy, that is really a lovely picture. You always make such good pictures, but then many Indians are good artists. Did you know that Indian men used to do a lot of painting in the old days?"

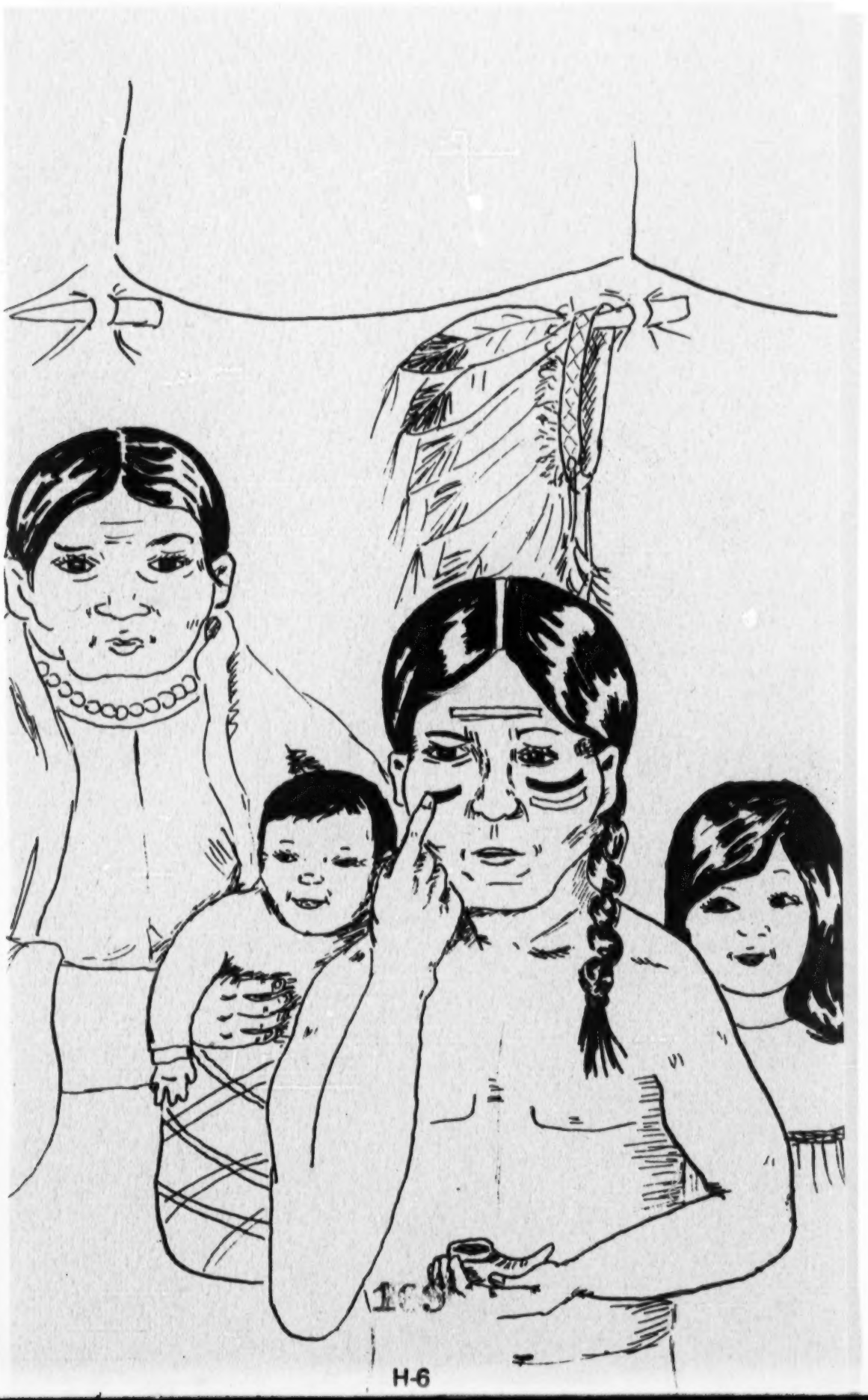
Billy wondered about that. How could Indian men have made paintings? Did they have paper and paints as he did in school? He asked the teacher these questions.

The teacher said, "No, they didn't use paper or paints and brushes like we have in school. They had to make their own paint."

"How can you make paint?" asked Billy.

"They were very clever," answered the teacher. "They used colored clay and some plants when cooked made colors. They found lots of ways to get color for paints."

"It's easier now, isn't it?" said Billy. He looked at all the cans of powdered paint they had to use. He looked at the big paint brushes too.



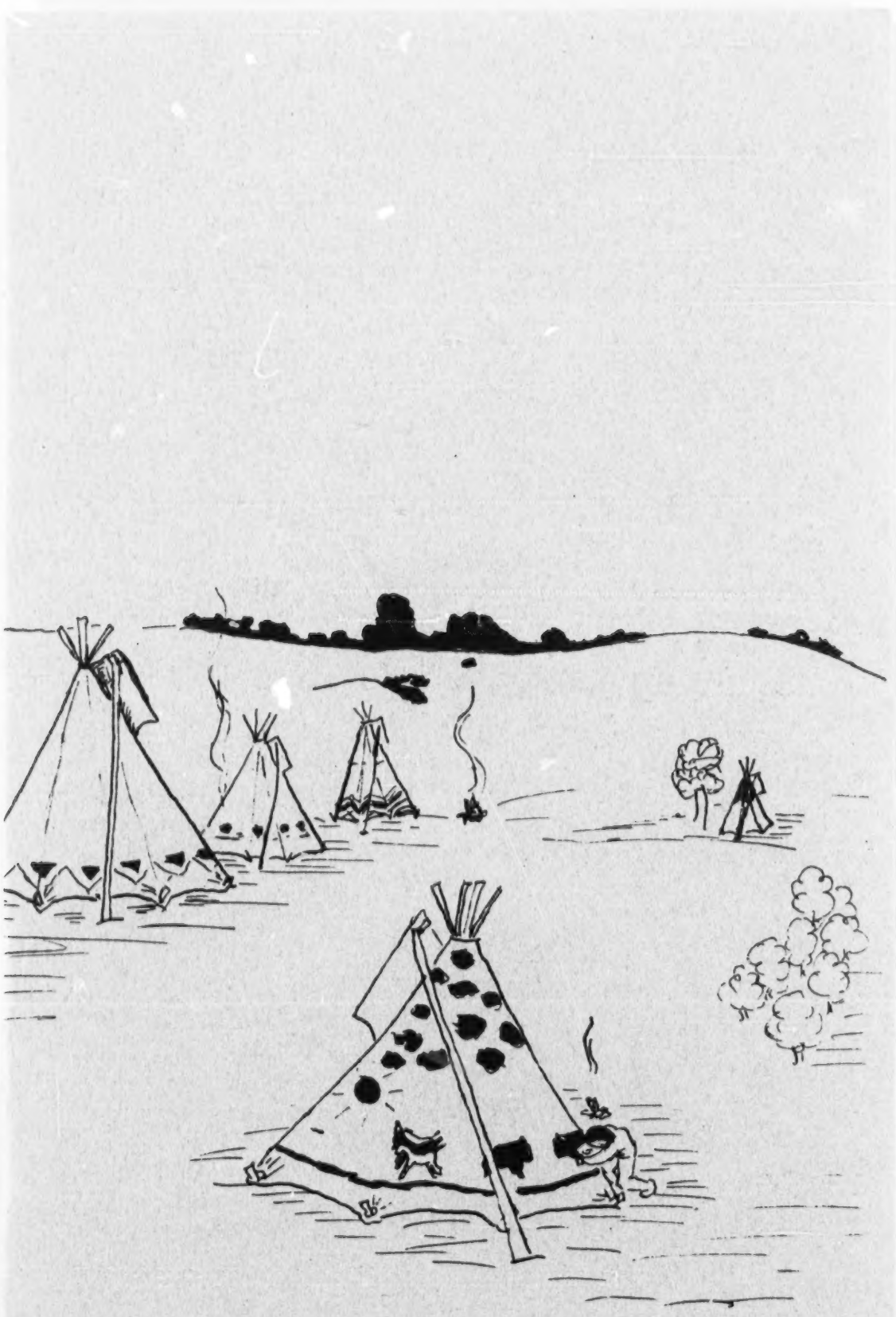
"What did the men use for paint brushes?" asked Billy.

"They were clever there too," said the teacher. "Often they used a buffalo bone, sometimes other things. Do you know what they painted on?"

"No," said Billy. "I'm sure they didn't have paper." Billy looked at the large piece of paper he had used to paint his dog on.

"What did they use for paper?"

"They had something much larger than your piece of paper to paint," said the teacher. "They painted on the tepees they lived in and everything they painted on the tepee meant something special."



By this time all the children were listening as the teacher told them about painting on tepees.

She told them of the beautiful designs that were used to decorate tepees. If the man who lived in the tepee had captured many horses, he painted many horses on it. He made the top to look like the sky and the bottom to look like the grass on the ground. If the tepee was painted red at the top it meant the man who had lived there had been killed in battle.

One of the girls wanted to know if the women got to do any painting.

The teacher smiled, "Yes, the women did some too, but they painted smaller things. They also made beautiful decorations on clothes with porcupine quills. They sewed them on the clothes in different designs."

But the girls in Billy's class still wanted to know if the women never got to paint on the tepees.

"No," said the teacher, "that was the men's special job. They were the artists who painted on the tepees."

Billy looked at his painting again. It really was a nice picture and he thought about all the Indian men of a long time ago. It made him proud to think he was an artist painting pictures like Indian men did a long time ago.

He could even imagine being painted up for an important dance. He had a picture in his mind of just how he would look with paint all over him.

Billy decided he was an Indian artist too, even if he didn't have a tepee to paint on.

Abstract

A Product of A Project to Create

Title of Project: ~~The Creation of~~ Stories and Beginning Reading Material for Pre-School Indian Children in South Dakota. [Read Aloud Stories Series]

Principal Investigators: Loraine Webster
Mabel Schleif

Contracting Agency: University of South Dakota

Amount of Federal Funds Requested: $7,400.00

Proposed Beginning and Ending Dates: June 1, 1971 - March 31, 1972

Summary

The purpose of the work was to create two new sets of simple books to be used with very young Sioux Indian children. Both sets of books have been specifically designed to improve self-concepts, inculcate pride of culture and heritage and to improve use of language by building larger speaking and reading vocabularies in very young children.

The Read Aloud Stories series of ten stories is one intended to be read to pre-school and early elementary students who are not yet proficient readers. Each one of the Read Aloud Stories is designed to convey a simple concept to the young child concerning his Indian heritage.

The Rebus Reading Book series, intended for use as supplementary readers, includes ten titles. The stories are adaptations of Indian folk tales and are planned to introduce readers to the cultural history of the Indians, particularly the Sioux. They have been illustrated by students from St. Paul's Indian School, Marty, South Dakota. Rebuses have been used in the texts to reduce vocabulary load. Readability, as established by the Spache adaptation of the Dale-Chall formula, ranges from 1.7 to 2.2 grade level. Seven of the ten stories are below second grade level in difficulty. The books were field-tested for interest and readability levels using first, second, and third grade pupils.

RC006115